

N. J. SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF *Silent Worker.*

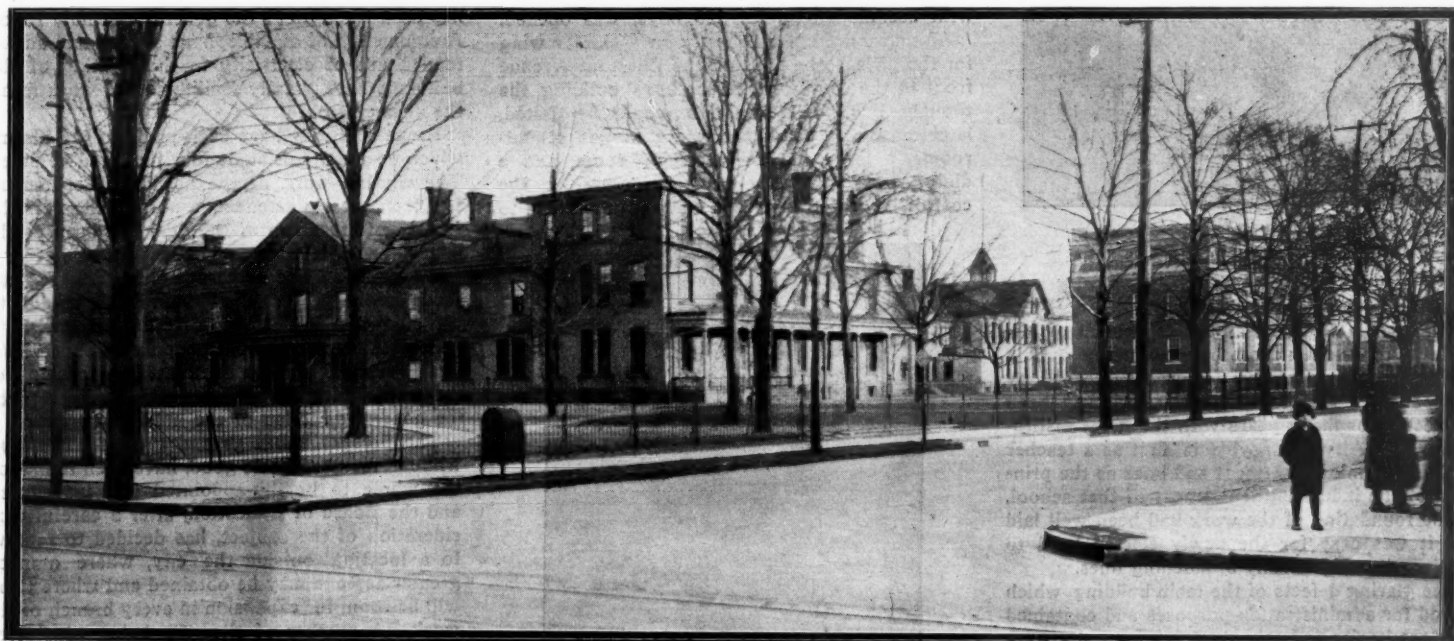
"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF *A Historical Sketch*



THE MAIN BUILDING, THE INDUSTRIAL BUILDING AND THE BOYS' HALL

Photo by Oscar Applegate

WHILE New Jersey was one of the original thirteen colonies, and, from the first, had been in the foremost rank in matters educational, and, while one of the thirteen had founded a school for deaf children as early as 1817, it was not until three quarters of a century after the establishment of the first that the Trenton school opened its doors. The perennial obstructionist who argued that it would be better to have the work done in the large schools of Pennsylvania and New York succeeded in deferring the day, but, in 1882, our commonwealth awoke to its duty, and an act of the legislature passed in the spring of that year provided for the establishment of such a school. The primary object of the school was "to furnish to the indigent deaf and dumb children of the state the best known facilities for the enjoyment of such a share of the benefits of the system of free public education established in the state as their afflicted condition will admit of." The age at which they were entitled to admission was set at eight years, and an eight-year course of instruction was allowed. (There had been for some years in Chambersburg, then a suburb of Trenton, a Soldiers' Orphans Home, the province of which was to care for and educate the children of fathers who had been killed in the war of the rebellion. At the time of the passage of the law providing for a "State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb," these orphans had grown to manhood and womanhood, and, for the purposes of its establishment, its usefulness was gone. The building thus occupied was decided upon as the most available one, at the time, and the following year, 1883,

our school was thrown open to the "children of silence" of the state. Mr. Weston Jenkins of the great New York school at Fanwood, assisted in the organization, and was later, by unanimous vote, appointed Superintendent. His whole teaching staff at first, consisted of but five, and he began his work with an enrollment of but sixty-eight children.

Mr. Jenkins was a scholarly gentleman, and in his earliest reports we find the fullest discussions of every matter effecting the deaf, his disquisitions upon the use of signs, oral methods, the employment of deaf teachers, the value of the audiometer and audiphone, the deaf-mute intellect, the uses of visible speech and the dangers of a deaf species being full, forceful and convincing.

The wisdom of the selection of Mr. Jenkins as superintendent was soon apparent. In the choosing of his teachers, and in the arrangement of his curriculum the hand of the master was seen, and in a very short time the New Jersey School took an honored place among the schools of the land. It was unfortunate in its setting, the building being old, illy-appointed, and illy-adapted, and, like the diamond set in lead, did not, at once, show its true worth, but the sterling work done soon began to make its impress upon the deaf of the state, and in ten years the number of pupils had increased from sixty-eight to double that number. All were housed under the one roof, the male and female departments being separated only by a stairway, and the industrial training was carried on, as well as the academic, in the one building.

From the very first, trade-teaching had a prominent place, and in this the school was the

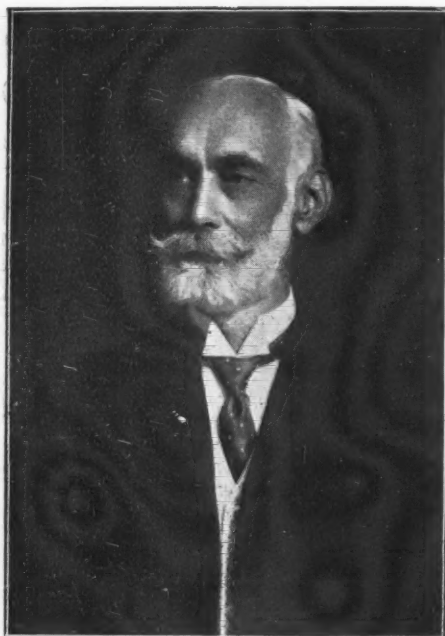
pioneer, it being many years afterwards that manual training began to find its way into the other schools of the state.

Beginning with some of the female pupils "learning to perform many of the different kinds of house-work," and a few of the older boys being "daily employed in the repairing of shoes," it yearly grew in importance until five handicrafts were being successfully taught, and the necessity for more space had become absolute. The need was met in the year 1895 by the erection just south of the Main Building, of a complete industrial department in which there, also, was equipped a fine gymnasium for the physical training of the boys and girls.

A splendid flag-pole, 150 feet in height, o'ertopping any in the city was placed in position, on the front lawn, during this year, also. This flag-pole, with its great metallic pen as a weather-vane, remained as a land-mark for a number of years, but, during a thunder storm in the summer of 1903, was struck by lightning and totally destroyed.

Not only had all the pupils, male and female, been housed in the one building, and all of the academic work and trade teaching been carried on in it; but the still more unfortunate condition had existed that one of the upper rooms, not at all isolated, had been used as the infirmary. This latter was scarce equal to the daily needs of so many children. It failed utterly when contagion entered. Three years after the completion of the industrial department, the attention of the legislature was attracted by the extraordinary death-rate and, in 1898, there arose upon the east lawn the splendid hospital building which still

THE SILENT WORKER



WESTON JENKINS, Supt.
1883—1899

meets every need of the children.

The year 1899 witnessed the retirement of Mr. Jenkins, after an incumbency extending over a period of sixteen years. He was succeeded by Mr. John P. Walker who had previously been connected for many years with the great institution at Mt. Airy, Pennsylvania, first as a teacher in the academic department and later as the principal of the industrial department of that school.

The foundation of the work had been well laid and it was easy for the newly elected head to continue it, on gradually broadening lines.

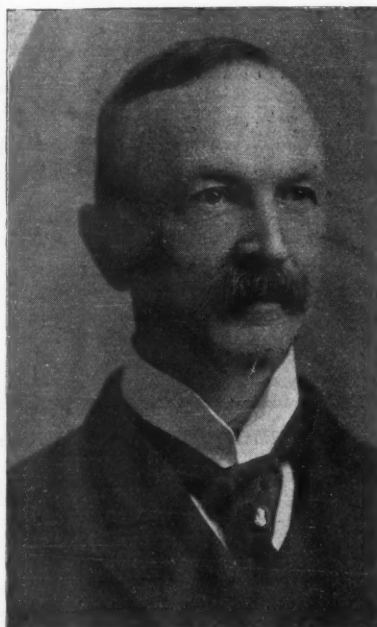
The glaring defects of the main building, which served for administration purposes and contained the dormitories and school-rooms, naturally were the first things to attract the attention of the new incumbent and in his first report he says:—"I would beg most earnestly to urge the erection of such buildings, in the near future, as shall fully provide for our needs. Our main building, the school and dormitory hall, has been made, for almost two decades, to do a work entirely foreign to the intent of its designers and builders, one, indeed for which it is almost as illy adapted as a building could possibly be. It was originally but a make-shift for the purpose, the idea being but to occupy it temporarily and until proper facilities could be afforded, and the splendid Commonwealth it represents has, for all these years, allowed to pass unnoticed the deficit and the fact that in no other State in the Union of any importance are the deaf struggling for an education under circumstances so adverse. A lack of study-room insufficient light, improper ventilation, antiquated and untoward arrangements of all kinds, make an absolute clog to the work, and render extremely difficult the task of grounding our little ones in that education that shall fit them for life. The necessity for more room is a pressing one, and one for which the State can scarce refuse longer to provide."

The lack of machinery in the various work-rooms was next noted as a radical defect, and a special committee consisting of the Hon. James M. Seymour and the Hon. Wm. D. Forbes was appointed in 1900 to ascertain the needs of the laundering plant. The necessary machinery was at once installed, with the result that the output was doubled and the value of the instruction greatly increased. Just at this juncture, also, Mr. D. F. Walker, of Philadelphia, an extensive dealer in machinery in that city, visited the school, and, passing through the wood-working department, casually inquired whether there was anything in the machinery line that was especially

needed. The superintendent mentioned a half dozen machines that he thought would be very useful, and, in a few days they were installed, a gift from the generous visitor. A little later, in 1906, a McKay stitcher was added to the equipment of the shoe-making department, and the press-room received that most valuable of all accretions, a linotype. At that time, but one other school for the deaf in the world could boast of the possession of one of these machines. In 1913, a second linotype was added and the New Jersey school stood alone in having two of them.

The earnest appeal of the superintendent, for a new building, contained in his first report and repeated in almost every subsequent one, was finally answered, and, in 1913, a fine new boys' dormitory, containing a large locker-room, a spacious reading-room and two sleeping rooms, with accommodations for 120 boys, was opened.

An appropriation was made for a similar wing for the girls, to be built on the Chestnut Avenue front to the southward of the boys' building, the thought being that the two would be united, later on, by a centre that would contain school-rooms, a large modern assembly room, and a dining-room; but an enormous increase in the cost of labor and materials made it impossible to



JOHN P. WALKER, Supt.
1899—1916

build on the amount appropriated, and it was returned at the end of the fiscal year to the state treasury.

After a service of seventeen years, Mr. Walker, the second to hold the position of superintendent of the school, presented his resignation to take effect on the 1st of August 1916, and on that date Mr. Walter M. Kilpatrick, who had been appointed to succeed him, entered upon his duties. Mr. Kilpatrick remained but a year, retiring the 1st of August, 1917, and in the fall of that year Mr. Alvin E. Pope succeeded him as superintendent. Mr. Pope brought to the position a ripe experience in the education of children, both among the deaf and in the public schools.

Recognizing the vital importance of the trade to deaf children and the especial value of printing and wood-working to them, one of his first steps was to enlarge to more than double their former size the latter two departments. All necessary machinery was installed including a third linotype in the printing department, and to increase to the greatest extent the convenience and efficiency of the machines, individual motors were attached to each.

To make a thorough test of the cottage plan, the coach-house on the south-eastern lawn was remodeled into a spacious residence and eighteen

of the larger boys were given a home there. The boys were allowed full control of the building, doing all the work and exercising every function of its government. The cottage has been in operation, for nearly a year, and while not having quite every cottage feature, inasmuch as the occupants do not have their separate table, it has demonstrated that, in every other way it is to be preferred to the old plan. It give perfect home life and instills in every child an interest that does not exist when he is a little cog in the great wheel of a one building school.

In the main building numerous improvements have been made. There has been re-arrangement of the class-rooms, and re-papering and re-furnishing of the dormitories. The old chapel has been transformed into a beautiful sitting-room for the girls, and the main hall of the boys' building has been fitted up as the general assembly room. A completion of our telephone system and an extended use of electricity in the lighting of the buildings have greatly facilitated the work in all the departments.

Large additions have been made to the library which now contains some four thousand volumes. The rhythm work of the academic department has been greatly extended, a normal class for the training of teachers of the deaf has been established at the State Normal School; for the general good of the service numerous changes have been made in the personnel of the school; to add to the amount and efficiency of the oral work Mrs. J. Scott Anderson has been appointed Supervising Oral Principal, and to stimulate the teaching of the trades, Mr. Walker, as dean, has been given the general direction of the industrial training.

The present buildings and grounds, however, while in many respects good, have been found, on the whole to be illy-appointed and inadequate, and the Board of Education, after a careful consideration of the subject, has decided to remove to a location outside the city, where a much greater acreage may be obtained and where there will be room for expansion in every branch of the work. A number of sites are being considered and a selection will be made and construction begun in the near future. Conditions demand the change and the end of the fourth decade of the school's history probably will witness the removal. Sufficient funds appear to be available and the future bears everything of promise to the "children of silence" of our state.

JOHN P. WALKER



ALVIN E. POPE, Supt.
1917—

PIN MONEY FOR THE POETS

DEAF verse writers may find a market for original, catchy lines and verses suitable for greeting cards if they will hunt up in their own cities the manufacturers of these cards. A young artist friend of my daughter's told me about a company here in Los Angeles that pays for such verse, and suggested that I try them. I did, and have since received four checks. Verses of two to six lines are wanted, and should express a great deal in a few words. The following verses are among those I contributed, and they should give you an idea of what is wanted:

For Christmas—

Over the top with a holly wreath,
The gun is still, the sword in sheath;
Over the top with Christmas cheer,
"Peace on earth and a glad New Year!"

If every day were Christmas,
And Christmas every day,
I'd send you love and greetings
To drive your cares away;
But every day's not Christmas,
Nor Christmas every day,
So I'll try hard with just one card
To do it anyway!

For New Year—

Old friend, it's many and many a year
Since last we walked together,
And I've known many a joy and tear,
And many a kind o' weather;
But through it all—its rise and fall—
My thoughts were of you ever.

For St. Valentine—

God made the world so lovely, dear,
Because He planned to put you here,
And now to me is life divine
Because of you, my Valentine.

How proud I am to send a line,
To you, my son, my Valentine;
And, looking back through many a year,
Your rise has made you doubly dear.

For Easter—

Through mists and clouds the Easter sun has
risen,
Steadfast and fearless in his beauty-might;
The mists of doubt that long had made my
prison
Are cleared away, and I behold the Light!

For Birthday—

Here's my birthday greeting—
The best that I can send,
A brimming cup o' friendship
That knows no blend.

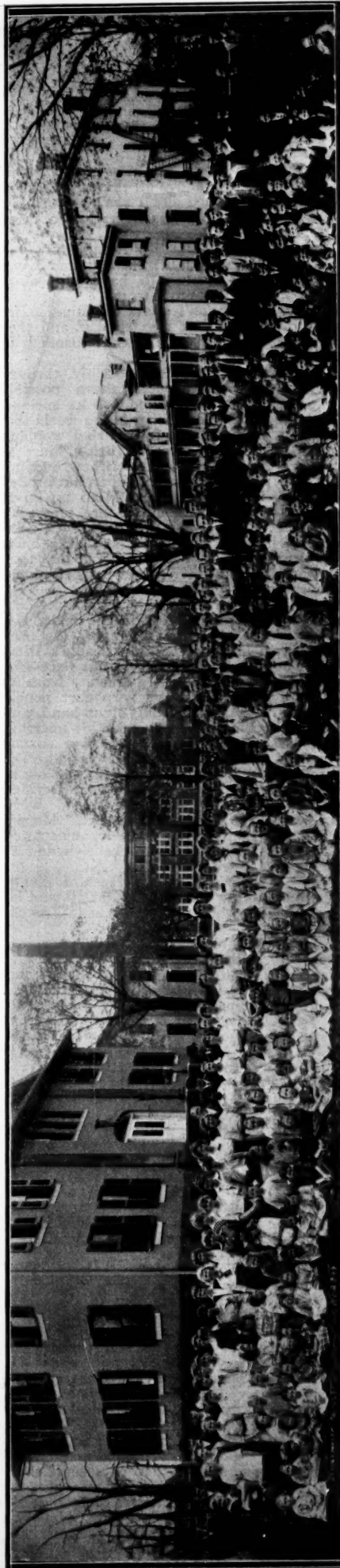
These verses are coming out on hand painted cards, the work of young artists in the employ of the company; they are reproduced here by permission, and must not be re-printed in any wise, as they belong to the Newman Art Company, of Los Angeles. HOWARD L. TERRY.

THINGS NEVER HEARD OF

A sheet from the bed of a river.
A feather from the wing of an army.
A toe from the foot of a mountain.
A page from a volume of steam.
A wink from the eye of a needle.
A nail from the finger of fate.
A hair from the head of a hammer.
A bite from the teeth of a saw.
A check drawn on a sand bank.
Or a joint from the limb of the law.

THE EVENING STAR

The evening star a child espied,
The one star in the sky
"Is that God's service flag?" he cried,
And waited for reply.
The mother paused a moment ere
She told the little one:
"Yes, that is why the star is there!
God gave his only son!"—Harold Seton.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS AND PUPILS OF THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

THIRTEEN IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Queen Victoria once asked Ambassador Choate if Americans believe 13 to be an unlucky number. "No, Your Majesty," he replied, "we do not, for the eternal foundations of our republic were built upon the number 13."

Let us see what Mr. Choate referred to.

In the first place America was discovered on the eve of the 13th day of the month, and the original republic consisted of 13 colonies. The first official stars and stripes adopted June 14, 1777, had 13 stripes and 13 stars. Our national emblem—the American eagle, requires 13 letters to spell it, as does the motto on the seal—E Pluribus Unum—and of the seal of the U. S., Annuit Cœptis.

This first word to pass over the Atlantic cable was sent on the 13th day of the month, and on Friday at that. The silver quarter in your purse is not considered a "hoodoo," yet 13 is written all over it. Above the head of Liberty are 13 stars, the eagle bears an olive branch with 13 leaves in one claw and 13 thunderbolts in the other. On his breast is a shield bearing 13 bars, and from his beak streams a ribbon with our motto containing 13 letters. Each wing has 13 feathers while as you know it takes 13 letters to spell quarter dollar.

The war of 1776 was called revolutionary and was not unsuccessful because spelled with 13 letters. Our flag was saluted by 13 guns when Washington raised it—yes, and by 13 cheers. The American navy had just 13 vessels at the outside—no more, and the founder of it—John Paul Jones—was not unlucky because of the 13 letters in his name. He was exactly 13 years old when he first came to America, and was the first to carry the 13 starred flag to glory and victory and to have it saluted by a foreign power on the 13th day of the month.

Perry's great victory on Lake Erie was won on the 13th day of the month, and the Stars and Stripes raised over Sumpter on the 13th.

It would seem that the evil omens attached to the number 13 merely hint at the retribution which overtakes those who profane that which is essentially sacred.

Rev. Minot J. Savage in a sermon on "Superstitions" declares that he never found 13 unlucky except on one occasion when he owed a bill for 13 dollars and had but 12 with which to meet it.

We all know that rooms in hotels, staterooms and sleepers bearing the number 13 are not taken from choice by the average person. A travelling man arriving late at a hotel was assigned to room 13. "No, you don't," said he, "I'll sleep on the billiard table or office floor first." The clerk with a merry twinkle sent him to 94 and the guest failed to add the figures together.

My wife is worrying about there being 13 at the table tonight," said a host. "Superstitious, eh?" replied the guest. "No, but she has only one dozen best forks."—The Western Pennsylvanian.

GOD'S MESSENGERS

Just a little flower,
Lifting up its head,
Shyly glancing upward
Where the angels tread!

Just a little robin
Carolling his song,
Greeting each traveller
Who passes along!

Just a ray of sunshine
Peeping through the blind,
Seeking all the dark spots
It might chance to find!

Just a waft of sea breeze
From the briny deep,
Coming toward the shore
As the billows leap!

NELLIE EUGENIA LORIGAN.

PUBLIC OPINION

By DR. J. H. CLOUD

The sign-language is not out-dated in Russia

FROM the *Literary Digest*:

"Do you believe in signs?" asks Mr. Arthur Elliot Sproul in the *New York Herald*, and proceeds to tell us that he does. Very much, he says, on the same principle that the New England believed in baptism: "Believe in baptism?" quoth he. "Gosh! I've seen it done!" So with signs. Mr. Sproul had not only "seen it done," but had done it, when he was marooned in a sea of Russian consonants. "Really," he says argumentatively, "it's no joke to find yourself on occasion where you can't speak a word, understand a word, or read a word—and yet feel that you must 'put over' something that you have in mind. And yet, do I say 'no joke'? Quite the reverse. It is a joke. It is funnier than the funniest. Hush now! Listen!" And he retails his worldless struggles revolutionary Russia:

When first I reached Petrograd I had several highly important letters of introduction to deliver. I had engaged no interpreter or secretary at that time, tho' subsequently I had a most competent one. So my plan was this: The hotel porter, who knew a little English but not much, would go with me to the sidewalk, call an *ishvoschik*, give him my destination, haggle with him as to price, notify me (in English) of the "irreducible minimum" that I was to pay in rubles, tuck me comfortably into the sledge, and away I'd be driven over the smooth snow. On arriving I would pay the stipulated sum and enter the building—having no difficulty in finding the desired official by exhibiting my letter, with the clearly typewritten address upon its envelope.

But one day misfortune overtook me. After my sledge had left me, at a great official building on the bank of the Neva, I found on entering that I was in the wrong place—I couldn't ask where! I had once before been to the right place, and this was obviously different. What a predicament! I couldn't ask where I was. I couldn't tell where I wanted to go. I couldn't even tell—that is, in Russian—the name of my hotel, so that I might return there and make a fresh start. The hall-servants spoke among themselves and waited, courteously enough, to see what "this foreigner" was going to do.

Well, this is what I did: I held up my envelope so that the one or two of the servants who could read their own language (many of them cannot read a word) could see the name and address. Then I waved my hand toward the outer world, to indicate that the gentleman whom I wished to meet was elsewhere. "Da, da, da," came the affirmative and understanding response. Then I took the head servant's hand, placed it within my arm and motioned with my free hand toward the outer street—meaning, of course, that he was to take me to the proper building. Again, "Da, da, da!" But the job was not for him, unfortunately. He could not leave his responsible duties.

But what of that? Just as would be the case here in New York and (also just as in New York), scenting a "tip," he quickly produced a subordinate from a hidden recess. This man, having laid aside his official braided coat and brass-mounted cap, was evidently "off duty." A quick interchange of Russian between the two explained the situation. The newcomer pulled on his heavy overcoat, donned his fur cap and goloshes, and out we went, smiling, into the clear frostiness of one of the great quays that skirt the Neva. Two blocks away was my real destination. A satisfactory tip was proffered and smilingly accepted; and I had therefore accomplished, wholly by signs, the feat of conveying to these servants the information that I knew I was in the wrong place, that I wanted to be told the right place, that I wished a man to go with me to it, and that I would pay "all concerned" suitably for the service rendered. So, do I believe in signs—do I? Well—

He had another occasion, in Moscow, to resort to the use of signs. It was at dinner, and he was the guest of an American gentleman who spoke some Russian. They had finished their soup, and Mr. Sproul's host said:

"And now, how about fish? Will you have some?"

At that particular instant it seemed to me that if I could have a tender, well-broiled, good-sized portion of soudac (one of the best of the many

excellent fish to be had in Russia) nothing in the world could be more acceptable. So I answered, with appropriate enthusiasm:

"Thank you very much, Mr. M——. I should like a piece of soudac above all things. Tell him to have it nicely broiled and I sha'n't want anything else, except a bit of dessert and a demitasse."

Now, I had been hearing my friend M—— speak Russian with apparent fluency; and I was therefore quite astounded to have him blush rosily (for a man) and reply to me:

"I'm sorry, but I don't know the Russian for 'broiled.' Suppose I just say 'soudac' and then take a chance on how he brings it—broiled, or boiled, or baked?"

Not me! At that instant—possibly through natural perversity and stubbornness, possibly from the mere love for broiled fish as such—it seemed to me that the one thing in the world that I positively must have, and for which I wouldn't accept even gold and gems as being "just as good" substitutes, was broiled soudac; and not baked or boiled or fried soudac, either, but broiled—broiled—broiled! And so I said to my good M——: "Let me see the bill of fare, please."

He obediently passed me the menu with wondering eyes, but politely kept silent. He knew I couldn't read a word of it—indeed, at that time I didn't know even a letter of the Russian alphabet. All the same—

The fourth page of the menu was blank—as I had already noticed as it lay on the table, just beyond my reach. "At that moment" (as used to be set down in the dear old "Beadle's Dime Novels" of boyhood's happy days) our hero—for it was he and no other—swiftly drawing from its place of concealment his trusty pocket pencil, seized it firmly with his strong right hand, and drew on the back of the menu with his unerring (more or less) accuracy a sketch of a soudac lying upon a gridiron and in the very act of being broiled over a fire burning briskly below it. Haughtily thrusting this in front of the terrified waiter, and uttering the single magic word "Soudac," our hero awaited the result. Marvellous! The servitor bowed humbly, ejaculated "Da, da, da," in token of comprehension and of assent, and disappeared.

Next time he made a scene. He was dining with a friend who knew no Russian at all, and he knew very little. Luckily the menu was in French. But, he says:

There were no drinkables mentioned upon it—even the simplest and most harmless—so it was necessary to order them outside the menu—and of course, therefore, in Russian. Well, that was not so difficult, apparently, for my friend said that he wanted "kvass," whereas I preferred a very clear, sparkling table-water that in those days came up from the Caucasus, called "Narsan." All I had to do was to point to myself as the attentive waiter stood by the table and say "Narsan," and then point to Mr. H—— and say "kvass"—and the thing was done.

Ah, yes! Or rather, I should say, not at all! For (the waiter having meanwhile moved away) my friend developed a decidedly disconcerting amount of fussiness about his "kvass." Now, you must know, gentle reader, that there are more than one kind of "kvass." I think there are three at least—maybe there are more. One kind is red by reason of being produced from a small red berry much like our cranberry; a second variety is of a yellowish brown; a third still darker, and so on. So my banker friend remarked to me:

"I want that red 'kvass'—not one of the other kinds. Order that for me, will you?"

Whereupon I said to him:

"Now, see here! I am no Russian expert. I don't know the name of that red stuff, and so I can't ask for it. You said you wanted 'kvass' and I've ordered it for you. Now be a sport and take whatever he brings you and drink it—and say it's good!"

But, no! My moneyed "sharp" didn't see the joke at all; indeed, there was a peeved note in his voice that was almost like that of a child that wanted a certain toy to play with. He almost (note that I say "almost," for he was really a good sort, if you kept "kvass" away from him—or rather, if you didn't keep "kvass" away from him) glared at me and sternly and unsmilingly said these words, pausing after each one of them; I—want—that—red—"kvass"—nothing—else!"

Well, what are you going to do with a man like that?

Now, it is an interesting fact that in Russia every sort of servant has his own special costume—and very picturesque they are.

Well, the waiters in the Praga restaurant, on this eventful evening wore the distinctive costume of spotless white, cut differently from any white garments for waiters in New York, and with a silk girdle about the waist, knotted at the left side and falling therefrom with tasseled ends.

I could see our waiter standing well across the dining-room, and, after the manner of his kind in all restaurants in all countries, looking everywhere but at the people whom he was serving. After waiting for what seemed an interminable time (I being still under the "almost" glare of my financial friend), I made up my mind that in order to attract the waiter's attention I must make some kind of noise. I didn't have the least idea of how to say in Russian, "Confound you, come here," or, "Why don't you look this way once in a while?" or anything at once convincing and courteous of that sort, so I just let out a sort of general yell. This created somewhat more of a sensation than I expected and attracted rather more attention to our table than I really cared for on the part of the other diners. I could see them exchange glances, undoubtedly put us down as "those foreigners," and let it go at that.

But, after all, my main object was accomplished, for the waiter (like everybody else) heard my outcry and looked in our direction. Immediately I beckoned to him and he approached. Reaching what he considered a respectful distance, he stopt. But I continued to beckon. His face, then, was a study. "Why on earth," it said as plainly as could be, "does this foreigner want me to come any nearer to him? I can hear anything that he may wish to say from where I am. What does he want to do to me, anyhow?" So, tho' he continued to approach me, he did so with very short steps and with a watchful, alert manner, as if prepared for any violent physical attack that I or my "almost" friend might be intending to make upon him. But by this time he was quite close to me; and it was simple enough, then, for me to lift in one hand the ends of the silken girdle that hung from his waist, give it a significant "pat" with my disengaged hand, then point to my table companion and ejaculate "Kvass!" Ah, the waiter's apprehensions vanished. His face cleared. He smiled deferentially and ejaculated the ever welcome "Da, da, da!" He understood instantly what was wanted. His girdle was crimson. The "almost" gentleman desired "kvass" to match it—hence crimson "kvass"—hence the cranberry variety. Voila! (as we say in Paris). Nothing could be plainer. And my banker friend's face cleared as he burst into a broad guffaw. "Sproul, you're a genius," said he. "You've saved my life."

From the *Alabama Messenger*:

Principal Milligan's Sound Judgment

Before the recent meeting of the California Association of the Deaf Principal L. E. Milligan of the California School for the Deaf at Berkeley delivered an able address on the old conflict of methods in the education of the deaf. His stand is the stand of all true friends of the "children of silence." I believe the following words of his will be of interest to others:

It might be well to explain that there are three methods of instruction: 1st, the Oral Method, which originated in Germany; 2d, the Manual Method, including finger spelling and the sign language, which originated in France; and 3d, the Combined System, which is the system commonly used in the United States and now in use at this school. The pure oral system, which believes in a single method of instruction, makes no provision for the variation in children. An overwhelming majority of the State Schools use the Combined System of instruction.

The importance of lip-reading and speech for the deaf is fully realized, and here every child is placed in an oral class on his admission and continued there as long as there is any hope of his becoming proficient. If a trial extending over several months, he has proved an oral failure, he is

transferred to the manual department and his education conducted by means of writing, finger spelling and signs. Frequently a pupil who has appeared dull and unresponsive under the oral system, becomes wide awake and makes rapid progress when transferred to the manual department.

Lip-reading also has its limitations, in spite of newspaper stories to the contrary. The most marvelous lip-reader in the world cannot follow the speaker on the platform.

Neither can they get more than a few words from the movie actor on the screen. The only way the deaf can understand and enjoy lectures or sermons is when they are delivered in the sign language.

Why then should the deaf be deprived of the intellectual stimulus of lectures, or the moral or spiritual awakening of sermons, by the abolition of the sign language?

It is worth while to spend all the time we are devoting to teaching the deaf to speak and read the lips, but when we meet with complete failure we should use some other method. I believe that, instead of running all deaf children through the narrow groove of oralism, we should use the method that fits the child instead of fitting the child to a single method.

Principal Milligan has plainly stated the basic facts concerning a pedagogical subject with which he is thoroughly conversant.

The Scarcity of Teachers

The Schools for the Deaf generally are finding it very difficult to procure competent teachers or even to hold the teachers they already have. Inadequate salaries paid by the Schools, and the high cost of living have caused many good teachers to accept more remunerative employment in other fields, and a number have been employed by the Government at far greater salaries to teach lip-reading to the soldiers who have lost their hearing in the war. The training school for teachers at Northampton, Mass., and the normal class at Gallaudet College have not for some years been able to supply the demand, and because of the greater inducements now offered in other professions and occupations, these classes are smaller than usual. In order to hold their teachers some of the Schools have raised the standard of salaries very materially, and many are training their own teachers.

Almost anyone with a high school education is considered qualified to teach in the public schools, but teachers of the deaf must have both education and special training. Not many young people are now preparing themselves for this work because they can do better at something else. You may talk as much as you please about the opportunities for beneficent service which the teaching of the deaf affords, but the fact remains that most people are not seeking charitable work so much as profitable employment. It is human nature and can't be remedied. The prospect of eking out a meager existence through years of hard service and being discharged in old age without a competence is not an alluring one. The pretty typewriter makes more money nowadays than her sister who teaches school, and the per diem of the skilled mechanic is greater than that of many a college professor. Everybody is prospering in these flush times except the teacher, and some people seem to think he ought not to count.

This whole matter has at last come down to a plain proposition: Teachers are tired of working for a mere pittance, and unless their salaries are raised more nearly to a level with those of other professions all but the older ones are going to quit teaching and do something to make a living.—*Editorial in the Virginia Guide.*

The foregoing editorial is quite to the point. We are ready to line up with our fellow principals at the wall of wailing and weeping and shed tears, (some of them purely crocodile), as copious as the most lachrymose over the scarcity of teachers. With speech as the prime objective in the schools the scarcity of teachers is real enough. But with an all around education as the prime objective, and probably no school will openly deny having such an objective, the scarcity of teachers does not necessarily exist. There are enough well qualified deaf teachers to fill present and prospective rifts in the faculties of the schools whose appointment would be a positive gain educationally and otherwise to the

pupils. Quite generally speaking the deaf teacher has more classroom initiative and zeal and more out-of-the-classroom interest in the deaf than most of the teachers entering the profession these days,—chiefly through the oral training schools.

It was The Silent Worker, if we are not mistaken, that proposed, not long since, a temple of fame for the deaf. Acting upon this suggestion, H. Lorraine Tracy of The Pelican sent in a representative list of twenty-five, not one whom we would strike from the roll. Mr. Tracy's list was well chosen. Yet, each one of us would like to add still more names, but, to do so, would ultimately increase the number into the hundreds.

It would be an excellent idea, however, to have collected in some tangible form a more extensive and complete record of the prominent deaf men and women of America somewhat on the order of Snapshots of the Deaf, or Peeps into the Deaf World so ably edited and illustrated by W. R. Roe, Ph.D., of the Royal Institution at Derby.

In his address delivered at Hartford, in 1917, at the Centennial Celebration of the founding of the first American school for the deaf, E. A. Hodgson, editor of The Deaf-Mutes' Journal, gave a most excellent resume of the progress of the education of the deaf, including a long list of deaf men and women whose success in life won for them the commendation he so eloquently bestowed. But, with the handicap of the limitations of a single address, it was impossible for Mr. Hodgson to cover the entire field.

We suggest that each state, through the columns of the little school papers for the deaf, present the names of some of their most distinguished deaf men and women. This would place the honor more directly in the field of endeavor and would make the roll more general. This material with such illustrations that might go with it could then be used as a basis for one of the most unique publications concerning the deaf that has ever gone from the press.

Who does not enjoy Dr. Roe's Snap Shots? His publications are nothing more than the simple record of the deaf from all parts of the world with the basis idea of encouraging others, especially the young. Let us remember just here that our pupils know but very little of the honorable achievements of the deaf. They are kept too confined to the narrow sphere about them. They know more about the achievements of a Cartier, or a Cabot, or some other gilded knight of the fifteenth century than they do of a Gallaudet, or a Booth or a Peet of the nineteenth century.

Representative Deaf Men and Women of America would be a good title for such a book.

The National Association of the Deaf might take the matter up and appoint a committee empowered with authority to select an editorial staff to proceed with the work.—*The Register, N. Y.*

The solution of the problem, passing it on to the N. A. D., is simplicity itself. A flourish of the pen and behold a committee is appointed. The uplifting of the hand in convention assembled and lo the empowerment and authorization becomes a reality. So far good. But how about the cost of such an undertaking? Even that need not matter if all the deaf able to do so would qualify as life members of the N. A. D.

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio, is proving to be a good attraction to the deaf a good number, several hundred all told, of whom have already located there. And there is room for a good many more of good character, good health and good working ability. The open secret of the continued migration to Akron is that the Goodyear Company is making good with the deaf and the deaf are making good at the Goodyear. Judging from reports in The Wingfoot Clan, the factory paper, the deaf at Goodyear are having a good time. They participate in the various factory and inter-factory sports and pastimes and always with great credit to themselves. They recently opened a club house for their own use with a program of features, chiefly athletic, which indicates they are going it strong. One of the largest and fastest growing Divisions of the N. F. S. D. is the Akron and the way the members fraternize certainly makes for good fellowship.

A DEAF-MUTE EYE-PAINTER

Hyacinth Dramis was born in Genoa, Italy, in 1891. Came to the United States at thirteen years of age. After attending Fanwood three years started in 1910 as an apprentice in a small doll factory as an eye-painter. Business then was very slow but has grown in leaps and bounds and eye-painters with several years of experience are



HYACINTH DRAMIS

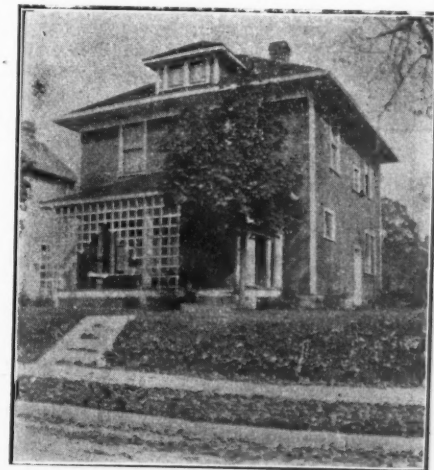
in much demand with high wages for good work.

Dolls made in U. S. A. nowadays are as good as the German ones and better, besides being unbreakable.

There is a chance for young deaf with artistic talent to make good with a little of experience. Mr. Dramis will gladly help any one who feels interested. Presently this work is mostly done by Italian artists with few Germans scattered.

Of late he has been in the employ of the Famous Doll Studios in New York City doing the eye painting on their entire output.

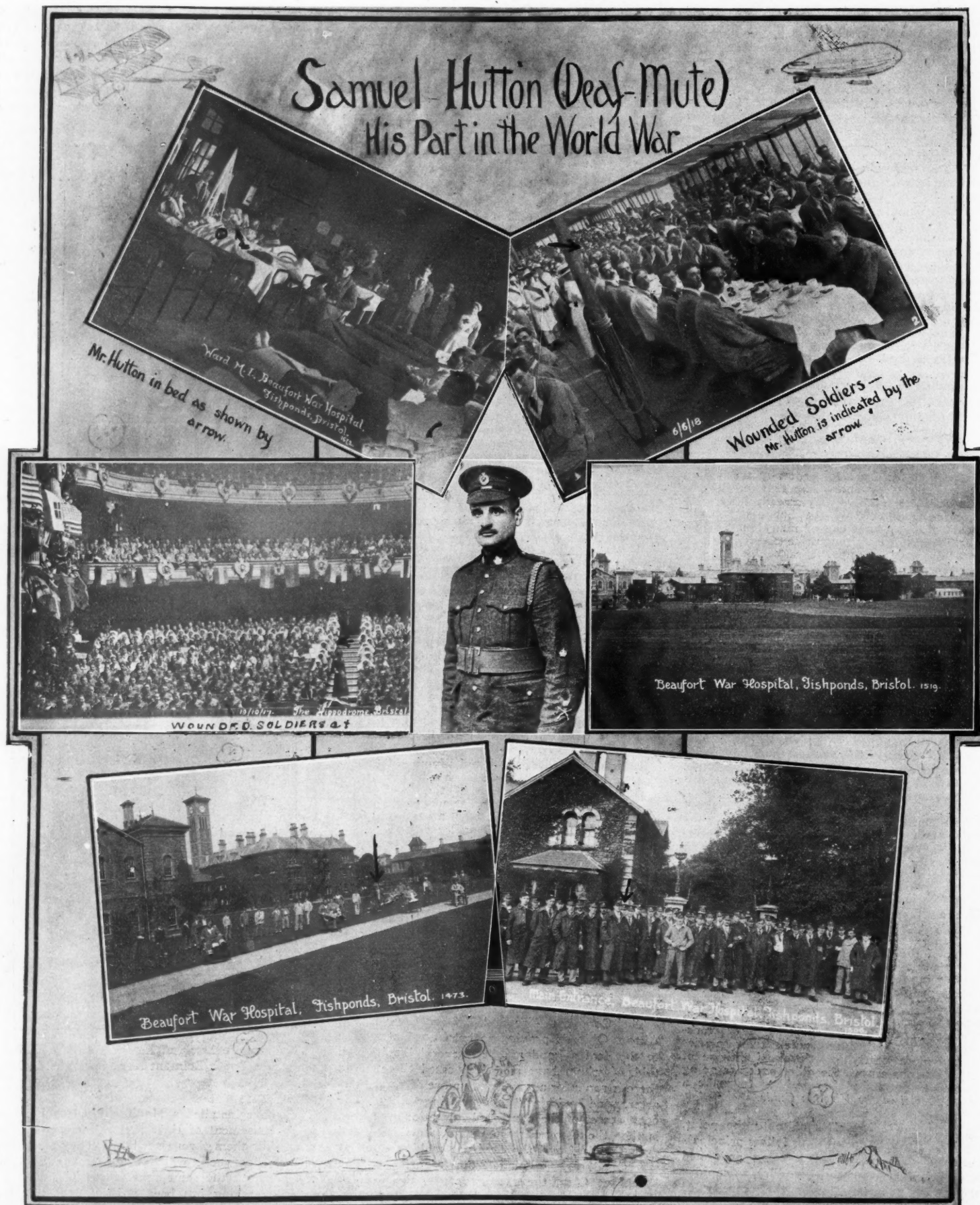
HOME OF J. E. PERSHING



The modern home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pershing, 421 South Belmont Ave., Springfield, Ohio.

They have installed a Monitor Pipeless Furnace in the basement of their pretty home, and it is dandy for them through winter. They also have electric door bells which will ring and light up the house at the same time.

Mr. Pershing has been a bank depositor for 29 years. He built his first home on West Euclid Ave., a beautiful street after his marriage, but sold it for a big price and bought his father's property and sold it after his death and bought his present home in this picture. He is fond of domestic life. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pershing are great readers and have a knowledge of the war. He is employed by the Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co.



HE GREAT World War has brought to light many a romance, some to the realization of their fond hopes, and others to misery and despair. Many a story is told of heroic deeds of the soldiers, some of which seem incredible, yet to the wonderment of all has been realized.

This narrative therefore, is penned to chronicle

how a deaf-mute took active part in the war.

Samuel Hutton is his name, and he is already well known in several states of the Union.

His parents also deaf-mutes emigrated to this country when he was yet a little boy. On the voyage across, his sister "Nevada" was born. As the ship in which they came over was the "Nevada," hence the name decided upon to bestow to the infant, who

has since become the wife of a Mr. Walsh.

But I am jumping too fast in the narrative. Soon after arriving in this country his father, a stone cutter by trade, not finding work in New York, settled in Ohio, and soon after his wife died, and being unable to care for his deaf children, he had them placed in the State School for the Deaf, at Columbus, Ohio.

Afterwards, the elder Hutton—William Hutton—

returned to New York, and obtained lucrative employment, and also a new help-meet.

It is not our intention to delve into the domestic relations of the Huttons, except that soon after his second marriage venture his two deaf children, Samuel and Nevada, were brought home from the Institution for the Deaf at Columbus, Ohio.

Samuel, to whom his father expressed a desire to follow in his footsteps and become a stone-cutter, or greater still, a sculptor, he was placed in the Lexington Avenue School for the Deaf, then presided over by Mr. Greene, and his daughter, Nevada, at the Fanwood School.

But things did not turn out as the elder Hutton expected, as we soon find Samuel also enrolled as a pupil of the Fanwood School, and placed in the printing class under Mr. Edwin Allan Hodgson's charge.

It is not our intention to give a detailed narrative of his whole school life, except to say that Samuel was a bright boy and made progress in mastering the art of printing.

Well, Samuel after he left school succeeded in earning his living as a printer.

It is known that after Samuel Hutton left school he failed to make good at what his father intended him to become—a stone mason, like himself—and soon we see him no more in New York, as he seemed to love a wandering life. Not because he disliked New York, but because he had no taste in the profession his father chose for him. He now and then worked at printing, and did fairly well.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, we find him enlisted as a hostler in the U. S. Army. He also was among the American force that went to Nagasaki, Japan, in the expedition to the Philippine Islands.

In the present war he was a member of the Royal Engineers, Company A, British Expeditionary Force.

How he joined the Canadian Regiment is better told by himself.

A pal of his induced him to visit New York City, and after seeing the sights, he says they were visiting the Canadian recruiting station on Twenty-third Street, and his pal was so impressed at the appeal set forth that he enlisted and induced Samuel to do likewise.

After enlisting they were at once sent to Canada, from where they were sent to England and afterwards to France. He was among the wounded sent to the Beaufort War Hospital Bristol, hence some of these pictures show him the life led at this place.

He arrived in New York on July 29, 1918, on the troop-ship "Lapland," and as he is a member of the Deaf-mutes' Union League, he was induced to narrate some incidents of the war as seen by him, and some of his experiences.

Among other things he related that—

On the afternoon of July 19 two German submarines attacked the ship, sixty miles off the Irish Coast. After a fierce battle both submarines were sunk, but not until they had succeeded in doing great damage to the British ship. The soldiers were then transferred to the Lapland while the Justicki returned to Belfast, Ireland, for repairs. She never reached Belfast however, as she was again attacked by submarines and sunk.

At Zonnebeck, Belgium, he was wounded in a fierce battle at Ypres when the Germans made a charge with bayonets. At Flesguieres, France, he crawled from the trench to a pill box where one of the officers lay wounded and at the risk of his life carried the officer back to the trenches. A few minutes after the officer and he had arrived in the trenches, the pill box near which the officer had lain was blown up by a bomb thrown by the enemy.

While walking with a friend through the streets of a Belgian village last year, after the Germans had retreated, his attention was attracted to a little girl who wished to tell them something, but could not speak the language they understood. Finally bidding them to follow her she led them to her home where they found her mother hung up by the thumbs and her body badly bruised. The father was hung on a tree near the home badly mutilated and died before he received help.

When the soldiers untied the ropes, the mother of the little girl sank unconscious to the floor. The little girl then led them to a room in the house where they found four Germans in a drunken stupor. Placing Sapper Hutton's revolver in the little girl's

hand and pulling the trigger, they shot and killed the four soldiers. Then the little girl and her mother were taken to the Red Cross Field Hospital, where the mother recovered.

Samuel is now receiving a monthly pension from the Canadian Government, and though he lives at Port Dickinson, N. Y., a doctor attends him twice a week, and all medical charges are paid by the Royal Government under which he served.

Mr. Hutton says that if the war had lasted longer, and he had sufficiently recovered he would gladly have returned to active service. His father is now a resident of California, and we feel sure that he will be proud of the achievement of his son Samuel.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF GOOD CITIZENS

1. Thou shalt honor thy city and keep its laws.
2. Remember thy cleaning day and keep it wholly.
3. Thou shalt love and cherish thy children and provide for them decent homes and playgrounds.
4. Thou shalt not keep thy windows closed day and night.
5. Thou shalt keep in order thy alley, thy back yards, thy hall and stairway.
6. Thou shalt not kill thy children's bodies with poisonous air nor their souls with bad companions.
7. Thou shalt not let the wicked fly live.
8. Thou shalt not steal thy children's right to happiness from them.
9. Thou shalt bear witness against thy neighbor's rubbish heap.
10. Thou shalt covet all the air and sunlight thou canst obtain.—*Guide (Va.)*

AN INHOSPITABLE EDITOR

In traveling through western Canada several years ago Mr. Frank Carrel stopped at a small settlement where in one of the houses he noticed a sign, Rainy River Herald. In Canada's West and Farther West he tells of entering the establishment and of what followed:

We found an old man setting type. There was a table and a chair, and of course a few exchanges lay about. We asked for the proprietor or editor, but to all our questions we received a blank look from the compositor. Beyond the old man, who sat at a rickety case engaged in the slow process of hand composition, there was a crazy press that appeared to be about to fall to pieces. We moved near him, and when we attempted to read his copy he got up from his stool, walked slowly to the table and wrote upon a piece of paper that he handed to us. It read:

"I am the proprietor, editor, reporter, compositor and pressman. I also deliver all my papers, but regret to say that I am deaf and dumb. Very sorry. Good by."

We were sorry, and left our cards after bidding him adieu, and often recalled to mind this sad incident until, later on, we learned that the old man was no more deaf and dumb than we were, but that he had an aversion to visitors.—*The Youth's Companion*.

Miss Helen Keller is in Los Angeles, California, where she is rehearsing in a moving picture play written especially for her. She says that acting for the camera is the most interesting thing she has ever done in her career.—*The Kentucky Standard*.

Thompson Memorial Hall Red Cross Unit



DIVISION FOR THE DEAF

Top row:—William Henneman, Mrs. Oscar Lauby, Hilda Spong, Mr. L. W. Hodgman, Alta Neal, Mr. A. J. Stuart, Mrs. E. E. Cadwell, Mr. E. E. Cadwell.

Second Row: Mrs. Theron Gage, Mrs. Carl J. Falmoe, Miss Lucy Madden, Luella F. Nyhus, Mrs. L. W. Hodgman, Chairman; Mrs. G. E. Torgerson, Treasurer; Mrs. E. Bauer, Mrs. P. E. Reilly.

Third Row: Mrs. August Brueske, Miss Mary McCarthy, Mrs. J. S. S. Bowen, Miss Tillie Cohen, Mrs. A. J. Stuart.

This picture includes only a part of the members of the Unit. The Red Cross emblems on caps and gowns are bona fide.

Probably the only unit of its kind, composed entirely of deaf workers, chairman and supervisors. Besides doing certain quotas of surgical dressings, men and women were engaged in the knitting of socks and sweaters.

Mrs. L. W. Hodgman, Saint Paul, Chairman; Mrs. B. L. Winston, Minneapolis, Supervisor and Assistant Chairman; Mrs. G. E. Torgerson, St.

Paul, Treasurer.

Mesdames Hodgman, Winston, Torgerson and Cleveland registered for supervisors' classes but the armistice was signed and Red Cross activities were more or less disbanded.

They completely refurnished the Library, converting the room into a model workshop and met every Tuesday and Friday afternoon and evening.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH

MOST interesting stories come from Akron concerning the wonderful activities of the Goodyear attaches, but how much more interesting they would be if the silent people were not termed "mutes" over and over again. There are other ways to indicate that the people written about are deaf, and besides, many are not mutes at all.

Organizations of the deaf that give public entertainments ought to surround the preliminaries with business-like sense. For instance, if the total admission to an affair is fifty cents, let that be advertised, so that when one has bought his ticket, he will have paid the whole bill. That this was not done at a recent New York affair caused a good deal of very much justified kicking.

An Alumni Association, graduates of an extremely Pure Oral School, recently held a banquet, at which, I am told, all the speech-making was of the purely oral brand, and furthermore, my informant told me, everybody understood all that was said. I have my doubts, notwithstanding, for I know of a number who cannot understand simple things spoken to and at them clearly, even when the remarks are repeated. Oral graduates, when speaking to each other, run in a great many signs, gestures, shrugs, and other helps that make the whole thing ludicrous. I do not say all of them do, but I know most of them carry on conversations in that manner, and I have seen the home-folks speak to them that way, but I can't see that this is going to get them anywhere in the everyday world, except where pencil and paper is going to get them there better and quicker.

The great epidemic of 1918 hit the Insurance companies a great blow, and most all the Fraternal orders suffered beyond anything they had ever experienced before, but the records show that the National Fraternal Society came out with flying colors, and except for the month of December alone, each month's income was more than sufficient to pay all death claims, unprecedentedly heavy as they were, as well as all sick claims, the number of which broke all records. In spite of this unusual drain, the surplus in the reserve fund was 28%, as against 38% the previous year. All in all it is a most wonderful record, and one that the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf may be well proud of.

Breaks in the types are not usually matters to be made sport of, for we all get "in bad" now and then when the printed articles makes us say things that we never wrote, but sometimes they are odd and unusual, and from one slant, really funny, as for instance, when the Rev. Mr. Wyand's advertisement in the Journal gives his address as 3606 Virginia Ave., Keedville, Md.

The New York Evening Sun is one of the greatest of daily papers, and among the really great features are Don Marquis's (a real name, not a nom de plume, by the way) "Sun Dial," and the Woman's page department under the head of "The Woman Who Saw," the last named, in a recent issue had the following:

An Answered Prayer

"The curious pitch of her voice, and the care with which she watched the lips of the Woman Who Saw were the only signs by which the latter knew that her new acquaintance lived in a world of silence. The old idea that a deaf person is always unhappy and depressed was contradicted by this slender gentlewoman, whose face radiated cheer. She even talked of her affliction imper-

sonally, telling of the trip she had made around the world, and how much she had gained of vivid impression without hearing a sound. But of all she said the Woman Who Saw recalls most clearly one bit: "I was eight when I lost my hearing," she said, while her busy fingers worked on a refugee garment for the Red Cross, "and at first the doctors thought I would not live. Then, when my life was spared, they feared for my reason. My mother, the most deeply religious woman I ever knew prayed that whatever else might come to me I might be permitted to keep my mind. And so you see," and she smiled happily, "her prayer was answered. God only took away my hearing."

**JOHN K. CLOUD**

Son of Rev. Dr. J. H. Cloud of St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. John K. Cloud, late Lieutenant in the Red Cross Italian Ambulance Service, and now a member of the Faculty of the New York Institution for the Deaf, after having narrated most thrilling interesting stories of his work on both the French and Italian fronts before St. Louis and Chicago audiences, made his first public appearance in New York under the auspices of Greater New York Division of the N. F. S. D., on Friday evening, February 28th, at the Johnson Building auditorium, Brooklyn, before a surprisingly large audience for a Friday evening.

Anyone acquainted with the young man's distinguished father could identify him in a crowd of a thousand, because of his possession of so many of his father's strong facial characteristics. Mr. Cloud talks in signs both gracefully and naturally. His narrative makes the auditor feel that it is a personal conversation, at which the remarks are made for his benefit, rather than an address to a large assemblage. This delightfully intimate manner enhances the interest immeasurably.

Detailing his experiences from the hour of his departure from New York on the French Liner "Espagne," throughout the voyage and embarkation in France; and all his labors and pleasures in France; and on the French front with interesting personal experiences he finally reaches the point where the listener appreciates, as no mere

newspaper story would allow, just what the tense thrill of driving an ambulance on the front line in a great war means. Very interesting indeed is his detailed account of the two great battles on the Italian front. The first one—the Austrian drive of June 15 last—in which Austria staked everything and which for several days hung in critical doubt as to what the results would be. In this battle the Italians could not stand the days retreated. After a big flood, which seemed like a God-send, the Italians counter-attacked and retook everything they had lost and a great number of prisoners. After this great battle came the Italian offensive of October 24 last (anniversary of their disastrous defeat of 1917). This battle finally ended with the Italian-Austrian armistice on November 4, 1918.

In both of these battles the ambulance drivers had but little nourishing food to eat and no rest or sleep. Mr. Cloud is most modest in detailing his own exploits but it was for his work in each of these battles that won him the Italian War Cross with two citations. Mr. Cloud was also awarded the Italian Silver Medal for Valor.

The American Volunteers were all young men who put up with all sorts of hardships and who worked without pay. In 1917, a furlough came and at the same time a very liberal check from his "Frat" Uncles in the U. S. This check enabled Mr. Cloud to do some sight-seeing in Florence, Rome, Naples, Milan, etc., which, in a way, offset all that he had undergone. For months the rations served the Ambulance Drivers consisted of canned salmon, canned corned beef, educator-bisquits and spaghetti and these staples with a beef often being suspected as a masquerade for horse meat, were a bit tiresome as a steady diet.

After the signing of the Armistice Mr. Cloud returned to the U. S. by way of Rome, Paris, Le Havre, Southampton, London and Liverpool. The evening's treat ended with a dissertation on "mal de mere," an ailment which Mr. Cloud thinks is more due to mental stress than physical or bodily ill. While the voyages in each direction were turbulent, the west bound one found him and quite a few of the other passengers all horribly seasick. Outward bound there was a tension due to possible submarine attack which found them proof against the rough sea's usual results.

I do not know when I have enjoyed an evening's oratorical effort as I did Mr. Cloud's keenly interesting treat. What he says and the way he says it, will make an unusual demand from organizations of the Deaf to be favored as the Brooklyn audience was. Just after Mr. Cloud reached these shores on his return from abroad, I had a little talk with him and, speaking of his future activities and his being offered a certain sphere of usefulness, he stated that if a place was offered to him he would not accept until he had talked it over with his father and this little side-light on his personality is a characteristic that speaks volumes.

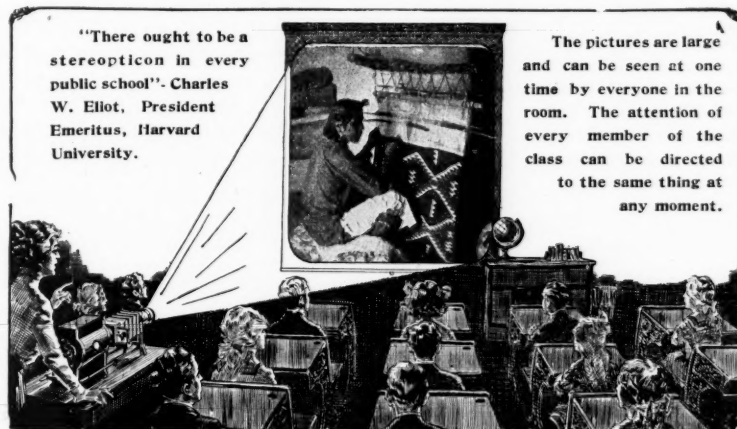
As a result of what concentrated effort will do, New York organizations of the deaf of widely varying activities, got together to help in the War Saving Stamp campaign, and while all sales were not reported, those that were amounted to more than eleven thousand dollars. An evening's entertainment brought about by the fourteen societies, churches etc., represented, netted almost six hundred dollars, which was divided pro rata, and invested in stamps. There is no other city in the world that can do what New York can, and its deaf populace is in every way characteristic of the city they dwell in.

The founder of the New York League for the

THE UNDERWOOD LANTERN SLIDE SYSTEM IN THE SCHOOL

FOR THE DEAF

A Method of Visual Instruction



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Write today for literature. "The UNDERWOOD SYSTEM" of STEREOGRAPHS and LANTERN SLIDES is especially adaptable for use in Educational Institutions for the Deaf who find them most helpful in their work.

ASK FOR OUR SPECIAL PROPOSITION TO SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

33 Years of Recognized Supremacy

Dept. S. W.

417 Fifth Avenue

New York

Hard of Hearing got away with a good many publicity winning stunts, and though he has gone from this sphere, the organization is still active, though with a most decided aversion for totally deaf people, and deaf-mutes for in a circular they issue, they offer to place hard-of-hearing people in bread-winning positions, and offer vocational training, their printed circular underlines the statement that they do not place deaf-mutes, thus endeavoring to create a prejudice against them, at least it savors of that. Another page of their circular, I am reproducing entire. It came to me through the kind offices of a business man who became entirely deaf, and inquired of them if there was a church for the totally deaf, but they disclaimed knowledge of any such, and he located what he wanted without any help from them.

WHAT EMPLOYERS SAY

About Their Hard of Hearing Employees

A hard of hearing person is an asset in a business office because he concentrates better than others.

A hard of hearing person is more efficient at general routine work because he is accustomed to monotony and isolation.

A hard of hearing person does more work in less time in the factory than a hearing person because he does not engage in the constant chatter going on about him.

A hard of hearing person is reliable and appreciative of his employer's efforts to train him because he recognizes his limitations and does not seek constant change.

Have you a hard of hearing man or woman in your office or factory? If you haven't, you need one.

Telephone Vanderbilt 950.

Department of Employment and Welfare,
The New York League for the Hard
of Hearing, Inc.

The quaint inquiry "Have you a hard of hearing man or woman in your office or factory?" savors of the Fairy soap advertisement, but there is no claim that they make that is not equally

applicable to the totally deaf, if not even stronger as an argument.

ALEX. L. PACH

MR. AND MRS. LOUIS D. MOEGLE



Mr. and Mrs. Louis D. Moegle, a recently married and popular young couple of St. Louis. Mrs. Moegle was Miss Helen Petzold. Both are graduates of Gallaudet School. The "flu" ban prevented an elaborate wedding at Christ Church Cathedral and reception at South Side Turner Hall. The wedding was solemnized in the presence of near relatives in the Cathedral Chapel, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Cloud officiating, followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents.

MEN YOU KNOW ABOUT

Charlie Chaplin can play the violin splendidly. He plays it or the piano every morning.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, once wrote a dictionary. He said it was perfect, the best in the world. Two years later Samuel Johnson wrote his famous dictionary, and nobody remembered that of Wesley.

When Woodrow Wilson, our President, was a boy, he once put cotton in his trousers, to protect himself from a whipping. It was because he followed a circus parade and was late for school. But he was usually polite and good.

Thomas A. Edison has not been inside a tailor shop for twenty-five years. He was measured for a suit then, and now when he wants a new one, he tells his tailor to make him one like the last one. He is too busy to be measured again.

Mr. C. L. Simmons, the president of the Simmons Hardware Co., worked in a store when he was a boy. He always got to the store before the other workers, at 6:30. So he asked his boss to let him carry the store keys. His industry brought him success.

When Charles M. Schwab was a boy, he went to see a phrenologist. That is a man who examines your head and prophesies how you will get along in the world. This phrenologist told young Schwab that he could never become a big leader. He said he was not smart. But Schwab is a millionaire now.

General Foch has used one cigar during all the war. He always keeps it in his mouth, except when he is eating or sleeping. At meal times, or at night, he carefully lays it on the table. But he never lights it. He never smokes it.

Three presidents in succession have not smoked; Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson.—The Deaf Oklahoman

Study the past if you would divine the future.—Confucius.



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No. 6

A SUCCESS

The opinion of superintendents of schools for the deaf is now largely in favor of building them on the cottage plan. They believe that it possesses every advantage over the old arrangement and it is likely that there will be few schools for the deaf built, hereafter, with the old administration centre and the two great wings, one for the boys and one for the girls. We have had a cottage in operation with us since fall, and, while not having quite every cottage feature, inasmuch as the occupants do not have their separate table, it has demonstrated that, in every other way, it is to be preferred to the old plan. It gives perfect home life, and instills in every child an interest that never exists when he is a little cog in the great wheel of the whole school. Our cottage is occupied by eighteen boys. There is no house mother, no servant, no assistant of any kind. The repairing, painting, cleaning, care of the heater, removal of the ashes, everything connected with the operation of the house, is done by them, and, such is their pride in it, that they spend almost every leisure moment on it. The same pride is maintained in the decorum of the boys living there, and, in every way, the success of the experiment has been most pronounced, leading us to the belief that self-governed cottages for all except the very young pupils, with a common dining centre, is the ideal plan for a school for the deaf. The operation of our one cottage certainly has fulfilled every hope.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FOODS AND BEVERAGES

A reference volume which has won extraordinarily wide approval during the last year or so is THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FOODS AND BEVERAGES. Recognition of its practical value has come from every part of the United States—including our island possessions, for recent requisitions cover both Porto Rico and Hawaii!

It is now to be found—a much consulted volume—in the reference libraries of a great many colleges, normal schools, high schools, etc., and it may fairly be pronounced indispensable to the equipment of Domestic

Science classes, for it presents, in quickly available form, information which in many cases is not found in any other work—and which still more frequently would necessitate a search through a dozen or more books. No other book or set of books covers the field with anything like the same thoroughness.

The contents include the entire range of foods and beverages—alphabetically ordered and heavily cross-referenced. Each item is treated comprehensively—its habitat and cultivation; how to select, care for and use it. There is no “padding” or redundancy—its pages are as entertaining as instructive, but every superfluous line was deleted from the copy. Accuracy was insured by having every item written or revised by special authorities.

The variety of knowledge is very great. Kangaroo tails, as a new meat supply is immediately followed by *kanten*, a Japanese “gelatine”; kosher treats of Jewish food restrictions; and caviar and truffles present all the information that an epicure could desire.

For many people this work holds a fascination more impelling than that of a “best selling” novel. It takes you all over the world—and every line you read adds to your erudition. It corrects many popular errors and adds a new interest—in some cases, an almost romantic charm—to the foods by which we live.

The illustrations include eighty color-plates which are described by the Press as the “most beautiful that have ever appeared in a work of encyclopedic character in this country,” and hundreds of other illustrations (photographs and diagrams) depicting almost every conceivable form of food—from the abalone, a Pacific coast shellfish, to the wintergreen plant, which affords the original flavor of that name.

The encyclopedia is published by Artemas Ward, 50 Union Square, New York.

A DUTY HALF DONE.

The whole-hearted way our boys responded to the call to arms, and the rapidity with which they filled the trenches on the other side, once war was declared, heroic as it was, was scarce more heroic than the response of the rest of the nation to the call for the “sinews” of war. Billions were subscribed and billions more, in money, awaited further call, and it was the full performance of duty by all that brought the war to so speedy a close. The duty of the soldier is done. The war is over, the victory is ours. But a farther duty remains to the man and woman whose work has been outside the trenches, and this work, the fitting of the injured ones for places in active life has begun; this, too, with a vigor that shows that there will be no cessation until their whole duty is done. Schools to give the soldiers who have been injured in the war trades especially adapted to their abilities, and schools to train those who are deaf in the reading of the lips and thus

understanding speech, are springing up everywhere and, ere long, ample opportunity will be afforded every boy who was injured in the great conflict to get back into civil life a self-respecting, self-supporting citizen, with all the glory of his achievements added.

NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF CONTRIBUTES \$119.31 TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MEMORIAL FUND

The assembly room of the New Jersey School for the Deaf was the scene of a merry dance when the officers and faculty of the School gave a subscription dance in aid of the Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial Fund. Candy and fruit punch were on sale. The room was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting and the guests, many of whom were from out of town, expressed their admiration of the newly finished floor which is one of the best for dancing that can be found in the city of Trenton. In addition to the sum realized from the dance the household employees contributed generously bringing the total amount donated to the Fund up to \$120.00.

THE SPRINGTIME OF GOD

The lilt of the lark in the heaven,
The song of the thrush on the tree,
The chatter of tits in the bushes,
The hum of the hovering bee;
The scent of the sweetbrier roses,
The lowing of cows in the byre,
The whirl of a swift-flitting swallow,
The peal from a neighboring spire,

The perfume of violets hidden,
The song of a brook in the dale,
The sound of the wind through the larches,
The apple-tree's pink blossom veil;
The lines of a far-reaching furrow,
The blue of the far-distant hills,
The gleam of the slim silver birches,
The sense of a silence that stills,

The glitter of gold in the meadows,
The clover's sweet health-giving breath,
The slant of the lengthening shadows,
Oh, these are the things—not of Death:
These, these are the things that uplift us,
Of which our glad hearts never tire,
The things that are lovely and helpful,
And urge our earth energies higher.

Again and again the Earth's bosom
Has cradled the emerald Spring,
And we know that the God of our fathers
Is faithful in every small thing;
The barrenness yields to the blossom,
The desert gives place to the flower,
And every dark thing becomes subject
To Light, in the day of His power.

The days that are trying and dreary,
The nights that are painful and long,
The paths that are toilsome and weary,
The lips that are void of a song;
Ah, these are the things of the moment,
The pains of the path that we plod,
But, as sure as the Earth gains her verdure,
They shall yield to the Springtime of God
—H. H. Brownlow.

Press on! a better fate awaits thee.—Victor Hugo.

In the Realm of the Deaf

Among several bequests to churches and charities, by the late Mrs. Cornelia Thomas, of Brooklyn, is one of \$5000 to the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes at Poughkeepsie. The will was filed for probate in Brooklyn on February 10th.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

A number of Chicago deaf men are flocking to Kenosha, Wis., where a welcome hand is offered deaf workmen by the Nash Motor Co. Thirty deaf men are already employed there. All beginners are expected to start with fair pay, and if possessed of sufficient ambition they will not have to wait long for a substantial increase.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

Superintendent Rogers of the Kentucky school set the first line composed on the new linotype installed in the school print shop. He got away with it, too. And, by the way, there has been vast physical improvement in the Standard of late. It is up to its usual high mark in all other respects, which is uttering a whole mouthful.—*The Illinois Advance*.

From Austin correspondence, we learn the Texas school has a new superintendent, in the person of a Dr. Shuford, a Texan nominated by the governor and elected by the board. We know nothing of the new man, but extend to him the hand of good fellowship and trust he will guide the destinies of the school to success.—*The Oklahoman*.

The Tennessee legislature proposes to move the school for the deaf from Knoxville to Nashville. The real estate occupied at Knoxville is highly valuable and it was suggested that it be sold and the institution re-established farther from the business section of the city, with modern equipment. Now it is proposed to take a great deal away from Knoxville in order to give Nashville something that will not be of great value to the city.—*The Illinois Advance*.

In the southern states colored deaf children have separate school buildings, and equipments although generally under the direct management of the regular state school for the deaf. Louisiana is the only southern state that has no such school and as colored children are not allowed to attend the school at Baton Rouge, they grow up without an education. An effort is being made by the Superintendent of the Louisiana school, Mr. G. C. Huckaby, to secure provision for their education.—*The North Dakota Banner*.

Congratulations to Messrs. Winfield Scott Runde and Theoph. D'Estrella, deaf teachers at the Berkeley, Cal., Institution, upon their election to the exclusive Faculty Club of the University of California. Their election was based upon their reputations as educators, and they are the only deaf men that have been so honored. Prof. Percy Fay, a son of Dr. Edward Allen Fay, of Gallaudet College, who is Professor of French at California University, is a member of the club.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

Mr. Alvin E. Pope, superintendent of the New Jersey School was our guest last Thursday, and with Supt. Jones visited our departments. He addressed us in a special chapel service held in the morning. His printing office has three linotype machines, leading all the state schools in this respect. Several girls as well as boys are learning to operate the machines, and those who master the art succeed in finding positions that pay high wages.—*The Ohio Chronicle*.

Prof. W. A. Bowles, Superintendent of our school, has been forced to relinquish his duties for a time on account of impaired health. He has been to New York to consult specialists, but is now in his apartments at the School, and relieved as he is of all business cares, we trust the much needed rest may restore him to health. The Board has granted him a release from duty for two months and has made Mr. Guilford D. Euritt Acting Superintendent. The latter has met with such hearty cooperation on the part of every one in the School that things are moving smoothly.—*Virginia Guide*.

The deaf are never "restored" to society. They are a part of society at birth. They grow up and are gradually educated (more tediously to be sure) the same as all children. When they leave school they are thrown on their own resources in the great scramble of men. While in the scramble they of course come in contact with all the people with whom their interests are entwined. This free mingling is the mingling of society, and when a deaf person goes out to earn a living, he is **not** restored to society. He simply enters the larger and more serious sphere of society. Only criminals **are** restored to society. The deaf are not law breakers hence the word **restoration** as applied to them is an absurdity, if not an insult.—*California News*.

During the great war in Europe, the education of the deaf suffered much. In Belgium attempts to educate the deaf ceased for a long period of time. That ravaged country had all it could do to defend the lives of its people and limit the aggressions of the German Army.

In France, schools for the deaf were converted into hospitals and the teaching force diverted to the army.

Monsieur Henry Gaillard writes that many teachers of the deaf were killed. The National Institution at Paris lost Messrs. Libot, Caillot, Mangis, Charbois, Blanc, and Guglielmi—dead on the field of honor.

Four teachers of the Institution at Asnieres perished on the battlefield.

During the long-range bombardment of Paris, the school for the deaf was closed, as also was the educational establishment at Asnieres.

The same conditions existed among the schools in the provinces, and added to the general havoc of war, the great epidemic of Influenza caused many deaths among the deaf.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

We had the pleasure of a short visit from Mr. Pope, Superintendent of the New Jersey School for the Deaf on February 19th. Unfortunately his visit was cut short by the illness of our Superintendent, Dr. Burt. Mr. Pope is on a three weeks trip to different institutions, and left here for Columbus on the evening train. Owing to illness of our Superintendent, he was shown through the different departments, of the school, and through the Industrial Departments by some of the teachers. He expressed himself as very well pleased with the organization of the school, and said that his stay with us had been profitable.

Plans have already been drawn for new buildings on the cottage plan, for the New Jersey School for the Deaf. Miss Fitts and Miss Brill, two of our teachers, were at one time teachers in that school.—*The Western Pennsylvanian*.

A very sad accident occurred in the kitchen of the School on Monday morning, Jan. 6, when Mrs. Bixby, the head cook, was at the bread kneading machine. Her hand was caught in it while it was in motion. There are two separate blades and it is supposed that while one was pulling her hand in, the other caught her shoulder, causing a bad cut near the shoulder. She was taken to Mercy Hospital and it was found necessary to amputate the hand. As no arteries in the arm were severed, it is hoped that it can be saved. Every one at the School deplores the accident and feels keenly for Mrs. Bixby and trust that she will recover soon.—*North Dakota Banner*.

DEAF INVENTOR

Mr. Anton Schroeder writes that he has just been allowed a patent on his spring hasp and that two large factories in the United States and Canada are in correspondence with him in regard to its manufacture and sale. He says that one Minneapolis manufacturer of steel cases wants 20,000 of the hasps every month. The great advantage of the hasp is that when the lid of the case to which it is attached is closed, the hasp automatically slips over the staple and fits firmly until released by hand. Its convenience is so obvious that there ought to be a ready sale for it and big profits for the inventor.—*Minneapolis Companion*.

OUR GIRLS TAKE UP PRINTING

The Superintendent has decided to add the art preservative to other arts our girls attempt to master. A squad of six of them can be seen slinging type in the printery. If the girls make good use of their opportunity they will be in the way of adding a promising trade to their means of earning a livelihood. In the South there are few factories or shops where women can find employment and among these are the printeries.

Many women printers are found in the country offices making a living. Certainly there is no reason why our girls should not do as well at it as their hearing sisters.—*Arkansas Optic*.

OLD CRONIES.

With the issue of January 9th the *Kentucky Standard* entered its forty-fifth year. It boasts of being one of the oldest of the School papers, and so it is, but our paper, under the title of *The Goodson Gazette* came into existence on the 19th of December, 1874. So *The Guide*, which is only a new name for the old paper, is just three weeks older than the *Standard*. The two have been friends all these years. They began scrapping in infancy, as most youngsters do, but have sobered down with old age. Nothing has ever occurred to mar their friendship, and no paper that comes to the office of *The Guide* is more cordially welcomed than *The Kentucky Standard*.

We have met personally a number of our confreres of the School papers, and when we pick up one of the exchanges we invariably see the mental picture of its editor. We claim all "the boys" as our friends, and among them, up about the head of the column, is the genial Kentucky Colonel. Here's to your good health, old man, and may you live long and prosper!—*Guilford D. Euritt in the Virginia Guide*.

After the above pleasant words from the gentleman of the old school who edits the *Guide* we scarcely have the heart to prove that it is the *Guide* not the *Standard* that must stand at attention when the two meet, but "what is written is written." The first number of *The Standard* (then known as *The Kentucky Deaf-Mute* was issued April 4th, 1874, and this paper is therefore eight and a half months older than *The Guide*. In a little over a month *The Standard* will start on its forty-sixth year.

The reason the volumes are not numbered to correspond with the actual age of the paper is that at some time in the past some one in authority in the office thought it would be a good thing to have the volumes begin with the first of the year, and to do this combined almost two years into one volume. We have often scratched our head over the situation as we would like to get that lost eight months back, but don't see how we can very well do it without adding to the confusion.

Hand to visor, Virginia, and salute your elder. But while we can not permit you to filch any of our gray hairs, you may call for anything else we have "to the half of my kingdom."

There is nothing so likely to produce peace as to be well prepared to meet the enemy.—*Washington*.

Five great enemies of peace inhabit with us—avarice ambition, envy, anger and pride; if these were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.—*Petrarch*.

MUMU. A Novel By Ivan Turgenev

PART II

(Continued from the February number)



"HERE you've been drunk again," Gavril Andreitch began. "drunk again, haven't you? Eh? Come, answer me!"

"Owing to the weakness of my health, I have exposed myself to spirituous beverages, certainly," replied Kapiton.

"Owing to the weakness of your health!... They let you off too easy, that's what it is; and you've been apprenticed in Petersburg..... Much you learned in your apprenticeship! You simply eat your bread in idleness."

"In that matter, Gavril Andreitch, there is one to judge me, the Lord God Himself, and no one else. He also knows what manner of man I be in this world, and whether I eat my bread in idleness. And as concerning your contention regarding drunkenness, in that matter, too, I am not to blame, but rather a friend; he led me into temptation, but was diplomatic and got away, while I..."

"While you were left, like a goose, in the street. Ah, you're a dissolute fellow! But that's not the point," the steward went on, "I've something to tell you. Our lady..." here he paused a minute, "it's our lady's pleasure that you should be married. Do you hear? She imagines you may be steadier when you're married. Do you understand?"

"To be sure I do."

"Well, then. For my part I think it would be better to give you a good hiding. But there—it's for business. Well? are you agreeable?"

Kapiton grinned.

"Matrimony is an excellent thing for any one, Gavril Andreitch; and, as far as I am concerned, I shall be quite agreeable."

"Very well, then," replied Gavril, while he reflected to himself: "there's no denying the man expresses himself very properly. Only there's one thing," he pursued aloud: "the wife our lady's picked out for you is an unlucky choice."

"Why, who is she, permit me to inquire?"

"Tatiana."

"Tatiana?"

And Kapiton opened his eyes, and moved a little away from the wall.

"Well, what are you in such a taking for?... Isn't she to your taste, hey?"

"Not to my taste, do you say, Gavril Andreitch? She's right enough, a hard-working steady girl.... But you know very well yourself, Gavril Andreitch, why that fellow, that wild man of the woods, that monster of the steppes, he's after her, you know..."

"I know, mate, I know all about it," the butler cut him short in a tone of annoyance: "but there, you see..."

"But upon my soul, Gavril Andreitch! why, he'll kill me, by God, he will, he'll crush me like some fly; why, he's got a fist—why, you kindly look yourself what a fist he's got; why, he's simply got a fist like Minin Pozharsky's. You see he's deaf, he beats and does not hear how he's beating! He swings his great fists, as if he's asleep. And there's no possibility of pacifying him; and for why? Why, because, as you know yourself, Gavril Andreitch, he's deaf, and what's more, has no more wit than the heel of my foot. Why, he's a sort of beast, a heathen idol, Gavril Andreitch, and worse... a block of wood; what have I done that I should have to suffer from him now? Sure it is, it's all over with me now; I've knocked about, I've had enough to put up with, I've been battered like an earthenware pot, but still I'm a man, after all, and not a worthless pot."

"I know, I know, don't go talking away..."

"Lord, my God!" the shoemaker continued warmly, "when is the end? When, O Lord! A poor wretch I am, a poor wretch whose sufferings are endless! What a life, what a life mine's been, come

to think of it! In my young days, I was beaten by a German I was 'prentice to; in the prime of life beaten by my own countrymen, and last of all, in ripe years, see what I have been brought to..."

"Ugh, you flabby soul!" said Gavril Andreitch. "Why do you make so many words about it?"

"Why, do you say, Gavril Andreitch? It's not a beating I'm afraid of, Gavril Andreitch. A gentleman may chastise me in private, but give me a civil word before folks, and I'm a man still; but see now, whom I've to do with..."

"Come, get along," Gavril interposed impatiently. Kapiton turned away and staggered off.

"But, if it were not for him," the steward shouted after him, "you would consent for your part?"

"I signify my acquiescence," retorted Kapiton as he disappeared.

His fine language did not desert him, even in the most trying positions.

The steward walked several times up and down the room.

"Well, call Tatiana now," he said at last.

A few instants later, Tatiana had come up almost noiselessly, and was standing in the doorway.

"What are your orders, Gavril Andreitch?" she said in a soft voice.

The steward looked at her intently.

"Well, Taniusha," he said, "would you like to be married? Our lady has chosen a husband for you."

"Yes, Gavril Andreitch. And whom has she deigned to name as a husband for me?" she added falteringly.

"Kapiton, the shoemaker."

"Yes, sir."

"He's a feather-brained fellow, that's certain. But it's just for that the mistress reckons upon you."

"Yes, sir."

"There's one difficulty... you know the deaf man, Gerasim, he's courting you, you see. How did you come to bewitch such a bear? But you see, he'll kill you, very like, he's such a bear..."

"He'll kill me, Gavril Andreitch, he'll kill me, and no mistake."

"Kill you... Well, we shall see about that. What do you mean by saying he'll kill you? Has he any right to kill you? tell me yourself."

"I don't know, Gavril Andreitch about his having any right or not."

"What a woman! why, you've made him no promise, I suppose..."

"What are you pleased to ask of me?"

The steward was silent for a little, thinking. "You're a meek soul! Well, that's right," he said aloud; "we'll have another talk with you later, now you can go, Taniusha; I see you're not unruly, certainly."

Tatiana turned, steadied herself a little against the doorpost, and went away.

"And, perhaps, our lady will forget all about this wedding by to-morrow," thought the steward; "and here am I worrying myself for nothing! As for that insolent fellow, we must tie him down, if it comes to that, we must let the police know..."

"Ustinya Fyedorovna!" he shouted in a loud voice to his wife, "heat the samovar, my good soul..." All that day Tatiana hardly went out of the laundry. At first she had started crying, then she wiped away her tears, and set to work as before. Kapiton stayed till late at night at the ginshop with a friend of his, a man of gloomy appearance, to whom he related in detail how he used to live in Petersburg with a gentleman, who would have been all right, except he was a bit too strict, and he had a slight weakness besides, he was too fond of drink; and, as to the fair sex, he didn't stick at anything. His gloomy companion merely said yes; but when Kapiton announced at last that, in a certain event, he would have to lay hands on himself to-morrow, his gloomy companion remarked

that it was bedtime. And they parted in surly silence.

Meanwhile, the steward's anticipations were not fulfilled. The old lady was so much taken up with the idea of Kapiton's wedding, that even in the night she talked of nothing else to one of her companions, who was kept in her house solely to entertain her in case of sleeplessness, and, like a night cabman, slept in the day. When Gavril came to her after morning tea with his report, her first question was: "And how about our wedding—is it getting on all right?" He replied, of course, that it was getting on first rate, and that Kapiton would appear before her to pay his reverence to her that day. The old lady was not quite well; she did not give much time to business. The steward went back to his own room, and called a council. The matter certainly called for serious consideration. Tatiana would make no difficulty, of course; but Kapiton had declared in the hearing of all that he had but one head to lose, not two or three.... Gerasim turned rapid sullen looks on every one, would not budge from the steps of the maids' quarters, and seemed to guess that some mischief was being hatched against him. They met together. Among them was an old sideboard waiter, nicknamed Uncle Tail, to whom every one looked respectfully for counsel, though all they got out of him was, "Here's a pretty pass! to be sure, to be sure, to be sure!" As a preliminary measure of security, to provide against contingencies, they locked Kapiton up in the lumber-room where the filter was kept; then considered the question with the gravest deliberation. It would, to be sure, be easy to have recourse to force. But Heaven save us! there would be an uproar, the mistress would be put out—it would be awful! What should they do? They thought and thought, and at last thought out a solution. It had many a time been observed that Gerasim could not bear drunkards.... As he sat at the gates, he would always turn away with disgust when some one passed by intoxicated with unsteady steps and his cap on one side of his ear. They resolved that Tatiana should be instructed to pretend to be tipsy, and should pass by Gerasim staggering and reeling about. The poor girl refused for a long while to agree to this, but they persuaded her at last; she saw, too, that it was the only possible way of getting rid of her adorer. She went out. Kapiton was released from the lumber-room; for, after all, he had an interest in the affair. Gerasim was sitting on the curb-stone at the gates, scraping the ground with a spade.... From behind every window-blind, the others were watching him.... The trick succeeded beyond all expectations. On seeing Tatiana, at first, he nodded as usual, making caressing, inarticulate sounds; then he looked carefully at her, dropped his spade, jumped up, went up to her, brought his face close to her face.... In her fright she staggered more than ever, and shut her eyes.... He took her by the arm, whirled her right across the yard, and going into the room where the council had been sitting, pushed her straight at Kapiton. Tatiana fairly swooned away.... Gerasim stood, looked at her, waved his hand, laughed, and went off, stepping heavily, to his garret.... For the next twenty-four hours, he did not come out of it. The postillion Antipka said afterwards that he saw Gerasim through a crack in the wall, sitting on his bedstead, his face in his hand. From time to time he uttered soft regular sounds; he was wailing a dirge, that is, swaying backwards and forwards with his eyes shut, and shaking his head as drivers or bargemen do when they chant their melancholy songs. Antipka could not bear it, and he came away from the crack. When Gerasim came out of the garret next day, no particular change could be observed in him. He only seemed, as it were, more morose, and took not the slightest notice of Tatiana or Kapiton. The same evening, they both had to appear before their mis-

tress with geese under their arms, and in a week's time they were married. Even on the day of the wedding Gerasim showed no change of any sort in his behaviour. Only, he came back from the river without water, he had somehow broken the barrel on the road; and at night, in the stable, he washed and rubbed down his horse so vigorously, that it swayed like a blade of grass in the wind, and staggered from one leg to the other under his fists of iron.

All this had taken place in the spring. Another year passed by, during which Kapiton became a hopeless drunkard, and as being absolutely of no use for anything, was sent away with the store waggons to a distant village with his wife. On the day of his departure, he put a very good face on it at first, and declared that he would always be at home, send him where they would, even to the other end of the world; but later on he lost heart, began grumbling that he was being taken to uneducated people, and collapsed so completely at last that he could not even put his own hat on. Some charitable soul stuck it on his forehead, set the peak straight in front, and thrust it on with a slap from above. When everything was quite ready, and the peasants already held the reins in their hands, and were only waiting for the words "With God's blessing!" to start, Gerasim came out of his garret, went up to Tatiana, and gave her as a parting present a red cotton handkerchief he had bought for her a year ago. Tatiana, who had up to that instant borne all the revolting details of her life with great indifference, could not control herself upon that; she burst into tears, and as she took her seat in the cart, she kissed Gerasim three times like a good Christian. He meant to accompany her as far as the town-barrier and did walk beside her cart for a while, but he stopped suddenly at the Crimean ford, waved his hand, and walked away along the riverside.

It was getting towards evening. He walked slowly, watching the water. All of a sudden he fancied something was floundering in the mud close to the bank. He stooped over, and saw a little white-and-black puppy, who, in spite of all its efforts, could not get out of the water; it was struggling, slipping back, and trembling all over its thin wet little body. Gerasim looked at the unlucky little dog, picked it up with one hand, put it into the bosom of his coat, and hurried with long steps homewards. He went into his garret, put the rescued puppy on his bed, covered it with his thick overcoat, ran first to the stable for straw, and then to the kitchen for a cup of milk. Carefully folding back the overcoat, and spreading out the straw, he set the milk on the bedstead. The poor little puppy was not more than three weeks old, its eyes were only just open—one eye still seemed rather larger than the other; it did not know how to lap out of a cup, and did nothing but shiver and blink. Gerasim took hold of its head softly with two fingers, and dipped its little nose into the milk. The pup suddenly began lapping greedily sniffing, shaking itself and choking. Gerasim watched and watched it, and all at once he laughed outright. . . . All night long he was waiting on it, keeping it covered and rubbing it dry. He fell asleep himself at last, and slept quietly and happily by its side.

No mother could have looked after her baby as Gerasim looked after his little nursling. At last, she—for the pup turned out to be a bitch—was very weak, feeble, and ugly, but by degrees she grew stronger and improved in looks, and thanks to the unflagging care of her preserver, in eight months' time she was transformed into a very pretty dog of the spaniel breed, with long ears, a bushy spiral tail, and large expressive eyes. She was devotedly attached to Gerasim, and was never a yard from his side; she always followed him about wagging her tail. He had even given her a name—the dumb know that their inarticulate noises call the attention of others. He called her Mumu. All the servants in the house liked her, and called her Mumu, too. She was very intelligent, she was friendly with every one but was only fond of Gerasim.

(To be continued)



ABOUT A WONDERFUL DEAF ARTIST

The famous Church of the Escorial in Spain, frequented by many of her kings and queens, had no less than twenty works of large size painted by Juan Fernandez Navarrette, commonly called "El Mudo," "The Mute." Of his works, it is said, "he painted no face that was dumb and although mute himself, his breathing pencil lent to his canvas a voice more eloquent than many a speech."

"El Mudo was a man of great talent, and in an uncommon degree versed in sacred and profane history and in mythology. He read and wrote, played at cards and expressed his meaning by signs with singular clearness, to the admiration of all who conversed with him." "Navarrette was born of noble parents in Spain, in 1526. He was attacked in his third year by a serious disease which deprived him of hearing and consequently of speech. He had no opportunity of learning either orally or by finger-spelling for the methods of instructing the deaf were not then introduced. In his childhood he expressed his ideas and wants by rough sketches in chalk and charcoal, a practice in which he showed great readiness of hand, learning to draw as other children learn to speak. His father placed him in a nearby monastery under the care of a friar. This monk after teaching him all that he himself knew, advised his father to send him to Italy. He was still very young at this time. He visited Florence, Rome, Naples and Milan, and is said to have studied for a considerable time in the school of Titian at Venice. He appears not to have painted anything worthy of mention while in Italy. In 1568 Philip II summoned him to Madrid with the title of king's painter and a salary, and employed him

to execute pictures for the Escorial. The most celebrated of the works he there produced are a Nativity, a Baptism of Christ, and Abraham Receiving the Three Angels. He executed many other altarpieces, all characterized by boldness and freedom in design, and by the rich warm coloring which has acquired for him the surname of The Spanish Titian.

"When Titian's celebrated picture of the Last Supper arrived at the Escorial, it was found to be too large for its destined place in the refectory. The King having ordered it to be cut, El Mudo manifested a lively indignation at that profanation, and by means of signs offered to furnish an exact copy of it: The King understood the signs, but remained inflexible in his purpose. He recognized his fault after the death of Navarrette, who gave on his occasion a striking proof of his good judgment and of his bold spirit of independence. The king declared later that none of his Italian painters, except Titian, were equal to the mute Spaniard.

"El Mudo died at Toledo, in 1579, in the 53rd year of his age. At the time of his death he unfortunately, had lived to finish only eight of the thirty-two large pictures for the side altars of the church of the Escorial.

Shortly before his death, he confessed himself three times to the curate of the parish of Santo Vincente by means of signs which that ecclesiastic declared were as intelligible as speech.—Condensed from the Annals.

Exalted souls
Have passions in proportion violent,
Resistless, and tormenting; they're a tax
Imposed by nature on pre-eminence,
And fortitude and wisdom must support them.
—Lillo.

Gallaudet College and the proposed Memorial Hall

(A Reply to Mr. E. L. Schetnan.)



THE deaf man who is sincerely concerned with the advancement of his fellows, it will ever appear strange that they who should be leading the way are content merely to snap at the heels of the leaders; to sneer and to criticize, rather than to praise; not to build up, but to destroy.

A case in point is the article written by E. L. Schetnan, which appeared in the January number of *The Worker*.

The aim of all true criticism should be progress. Had Mr. Schetnan followed this ideal as his guiding star; had he proved himself a chivalric opponent, the present article would never have been written. But in his efforts to defend his false position, he resorted to unfair means. His criticism of the Memorial Hall Plan degenerated into a cheap slur upon Gallaudet College and its faculty. In so overreaching himself, Mr. Schetnan forfeits the rights of an outspoken critic, and lays himself open to attack not only by the graduates of Gallaudet College, but also by every fair-minded person among the Deaf.

The writer of the present article is a graduate of Gallaudet College, and is proud of the fact. He feels that his years spent at Kendall Green have been of priceless value, in the ideals with which they have inspired him, and the practical lessons in vision and appreciation they have taught him. But in this reply to Mr. Schetnan, the writer is moved, not by gratitude to his Alma Mater, but by his sense of fair-dealing. He feels that if left unchallenged, certain sentiments voiced by Mr. Schetnan will be productive of discord among the Deaf, and, hence, retard their advancement as a class.

For instance, Mr. Schetnan says that if the Memorial Hall Plan succeeds, "it will make a bigger and deeper trench between Gallaudet Students and us outsiders than ever before." It would be hard to conceive of a more pernicious statement, or one, which, by causing dissension, will work more harm to our common cause. To all who can read, the statement boldly asserts, that the Deaf are divided into two hostile camps, "college," and "non-college," or, in substance, "town" and "gown." The Alumni of Gallaudet College neither know nor admit of Mr. Schetnan's "trench." On the contrary, Gallaudet men and women are everywhere mingling on common ground with the rank and file of the Deaf, and are giving the best that they have, not to their own exaltation as a class, but to the advancement of the Deaf as a whole. If Mr. Schetnan will get out his microscope, he will discover (a fact evidently surprising to himself, but already known to everyone else) that not a small share of the mental, social and moral progress of the Deaf during the past half century has been achieved by the graduates of Gallaudet College. There has never been a time when these same graduates have not been willing to "fight the good fight," for the progress of the Deaf. If there is a "trench" between us Gallaudet "students," and "outsiders" of the Schetnan type, it has been of their digging, not ours. No Gallaudet graduate ever uses the term "outsider," in referring to a person who has never attended Gallaudet College.

From his article, it appears that Mr. Schetnan is not only completely out of sympathy with the Memorial Hall Plan, but also that he is very poorly informed concerning it. He says, in part, that "the Memorial Hall Plan, was not at all hatched by any of the graduates of that institution, but was purely a scheme of the Faculty, who want more buildings, to strut around in."

The present writer, who, besides being a contributor to the Memorial Hall Fund, is in constant touch with the College, believes, not without jus-

tice, that his sources of information are much more trustworthy than are Mr. Schetnan's. He thus feels safe to say that the Memorial Hall idea did originate among the Alumni, and not only that, but also that the idea has been developed **exclusively** by the Alumni. If Mr. Schetnan has any proof to the contrary, his sense of fairness should prompt him to come forward with it. Common decency demands that he substantiate his statement. If the plan was "framed" by the Faculty we have a right to know about it. Even were it true that the Faculty hatched the Memorial Hall Plan, is Mr. Schetnan so simple as to imagine for a moment that the Gallaudet College Alumni (J. C. Howard, Dr. Long and Dr. Cloud, among others) would swallow the imposition?

The fund is being raised independently among the Alumni and friends of the college. As Mr. Schetnan does not come within the above class, we cannot perceive what he has to "holler" about, or from whence he derives the right to dictate to the Gallaudet Alumni the manner in which they will honor the founder of their college.

Mr. Schetnan fails to tell us how, if the Memorial Hall Plan is a success, "it will lame the activities of the Deaf for years and years to come." At all events, I quite fail to understand his obtuse preachment. Perhaps, in the fullness of time, he may be able to enlighten me.

Anyone possessed of an iota of common sense will perceive that the idea of the Memorial Hall is nothing more than a plan of the Gallaudet Alumni to raise money **among themselves**, for the erection of a memorial building on Kendall Green, the seat of Gallaudet College. Instead of laming the activities of the Deaf, it will forward them. It will provide room for more students. It will allow more scientific courses to be added to the College Curriculum. It will make a college education possible to **more** of the Deaf. It will produce a more enlightened, better-educated, more efficient body of the Deaf, than we have at present. The man who raises his hand to oppose so worthy a cause is false to himself and a traitor to the best interests of the Deaf.

Mr. Schetnan reminds us that Congress is responsible for the maintenance of Gallaudet College. That would be "news" to the majority of our National Legislators, most of whom are chiefly concerned in getting big pieces of "pork" with which to feed the hungry back at Possum's Corners. In the Battle of the Pork Barrel, they usually overlook a lot of things; the College, for one thing. It is the desire of the Alumni to **supplement**, rather than **interfere** with the work of Congress.

Perhaps a statement of principles will not be amiss. We Alumni desire to erect a Memorial Hall.

Primarily, because it will not only perpetuate in its broadest sense, the name of the founder of the College, but will ever stand as a testimonial to our own resourcefulness and ability.

Secondly, to show the Government that we are properly grateful for the generous sums it has spent upon our education.

Thirdly, to extend the usefulness and influence of our college to a greater number of young men and women, who believe a liberal education in the arts and sciences will make their lives more worth the living and render them more competent to overcome the handicap which confronts us all—**deafness**.

Fourthly, that when the task is done, we shall have the satisfaction of those who know they have been worthy to accomplish such an undertaking.

Schetnan's attack upon the Gallaudet Column of the D. M. J. is cut from the same cloth as his assault upon the Memorial Hall. It makes no pretence at beneficial criticism, but is, in its essence, a slap at the College's mode of instruction. It may be said in reply that the column is usually snappy and interesting, and refreshing in its originality. It suffers nothing when compared to the best efforts of the other contributors

to the *Journal*. Our files have failed to yield any of the "parrot-like stuff" which Mr. Schetnan has discovered in some original manner.

The eye lights with pleasure, (because of surprise), upon the single oasis amid Mr. Schetnan's desert of unprofitable ideas. This is his advocacy of a National Magazine for the Deaf. But even that was borrowed. It is properly the duty of the N. A. D., and not of the College Alumni (as such) to develop the idea. The objects and interests of the N. A. D. are indissolubly bound up with those of the proposed magazine. The "Nad" has made a good beginning and will undoubtedly develop into a publication of the proposed scope. In any event, it is foolish to suppose that the Gallaudet Alumni will establish a magazine with funds collected for another purpose. The same can be said of Schetnan's "dime" museum. If Mr. Schetnan believes a magazine or a dime museum will prove a better memorial than a Hall, he is at liberty to start a fund for that purpose.

Usually, the Alumni of Gallaudet College ignore petty backbiting of the Schetnan type. However, patience hath its limits. In striking at Gallaudet College, Mr. Schetnan hits in a very personal manner at every Gallaudet man and woman. If he gives additional provocation, he may discover that there are others beside myself, who will not be loath to take up his gage of battle. Hence, it behooves Mr. Schetnan to moderate his enthusiasm, lest, as in the present instance, he discover he has been overmatched.

HENRY J. PULVER.

Feb. 28, 1919.

A FRENCH PIED PIPER.

[Note: An amusing incident that happened somewhere "over there" as noted by Captain Weston Jenkins is related to us by his mother, Mrs. Isabella V. Jenkins, as follows:]

While Capt. Weston Jenkins was fighting along the Marne Rive last summer, he was quartered one night in a very ancient village, sleeping in a farmer's cottage. At five o'clock in the morning he heard a horn tooting up the street. Thinking it was a warning that German aeroplanes were overhead he jumped up and ran to the window. There the queerest sight met his eyes. An old man was going along the street followed by an orderly crowd of pigs. Near each house the swineherd blew his horn and out of the yards tumbled the pigs joining the others in the rear. Into the fields they went where for two hours, they enjoyed the green food and fresh air. When the time came for the return the piper led them back to town the same way, blowing on his horn and as each reached its own home, it fell out and ran into its pen without being driven. The people told Captain Jenkins that this custom had been followed for centuries. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" must have been founded on fact. Animals love music and have been tamed by it.—*The Messenger*.

Chas. Kepp, of Phoenixville and a graduate of this school, and of the School of Industrial Arts, Philadelphia, has gone to Omaha, Nebraska, to fill the position of teacher in cabinet-making and sloyd work at the School for the Deaf of which Mr. Frank W. Booth is superintendent. Mr. Booth was formerly principal of Wingohocking Hall. Mr. Kepp deserves success.—*Mt. Airy World*.

Convenient.—A farmer had come up to town for a few days. Before he started he had promised to bring his daughter a present, so he went into a jeweler's shop and said to the assistant: "I want a pair of earrings, cheap, but pretty."

"Yes, sir," said the jeweler; "you want something loud, I suppose?"

"Well, I don't mind if one of them is a little loud," replied the farmer. "My girl is slightly deaf in one ear."—*Tit-Bits*.

The past is utterly indifferent to its worshippers.—William Winter.

THE JERSEY CORNER

Conducted by Miles Sweeney



HERE is nothing more laughable than the attitude of the law in regard to the deaf. They are generally classified as "wards," that is, persons unable to properly care for themselves or their property, and who require a guardian.

"If a person," says a law book in my possession, "is in such a condition that he cannot properly care for himself or his property, the law provides that some one shall act for him. This person is called a guardian, and the person in whose behalf he acts, a ward. The guardian's authority extends merely to those matters in which action is necessary, and in regard to which the ward is incapable of acting. Persons who are thus subject to guardianship, are: (1) infants, (2) idiots, (3) lunatics, and in some states, deaf and dumb persons, drunkards and spend-thrifts."

Now all this is unobjectional as far as individual cases are concerned. There are some deaf, just as there are some hearing persons, who are idiots or lunatics or drunkards as the case may be, and as such require guardianship. But the deaf as a class are not so low down as that. The Law says, "yes, it's so," but Fact replies, "no, it's not—for the majority of the deaf are self-supporting citizens." Therefore the law, if it wishes to be consistent with itself, should not classify a body of self-supporting citizens as "persons subject to guardianship."

This matter is not merely laughable, it is also serious; serio-comic, shall we say? The persons who are in charge of the education of the deaf, that is, the heads of schools and members of school-boards, are as a rule familiar with the principles of law. They quite naturally have learned that the deaf are wards of the state, which is as much as regarding them an inferior order of society, and to be treated as such. Now mark the consequences. Not only is the course of study in a deaf school inferior to that prescribed for a hearing school, but the general atmosphere tends to breed habits befitting a child. Let me elucidate.

First, there is paternalism. This necessarily follows from the idea that the deaf are wards of the state, incapable of caring for themselves. It assumes that somebody else shall do the thinking, and that the world is ever ready and willing to help the deaf, to find them work, for example, as soon as they leave school. What a beautiful thing this paternalism! It makes a virtue out of helplessness.

Second, there is militarism. This also is a corollary from the proposition that the deaf can't do anything on their own initiative. It assumes that the deaf are so many tools subject to the will of a higher species, *i. e.*, the hearing: that they ought to be soldiers the moment they leave school; that the uniform suits them as it does the Germans, and that they cannot acquire individuality. Great idea, to be sure.

Third, there is pure oralism. It assumes that one who cannot speak must be regarded as an animal. This is—the limit.

The Stephenson home was recently the scene of perhaps the largest private gathering that ever occurred here in Trenton. Thirty-one deaf people availed themselves of an enjoyable Saturday evening in which many novel games and plenty of eats figured. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Bowker, Mr. and Mrs. Bennison, Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Sweeney; the Misses Meleg, Snowden, Sommers, Casterline, Ramshaw, Savko, Campbell, and Studt; the Messrs. Purcell, Waltz, Wegryzn, Beatty, Higgins, Nutt, Simmons, Dondiego and Gompers, and Marjorie and Dorothy Stephenson.

The gentleman from New York has seen fit to

indulge in a little irony at my expense.

I confess a profound ignorance regarding "the person who has only been dead a hundred years." Why not consult the Houyhnhnms, who possess reason plus horse sense, or Dr. Wright, who, as his name implies, is always in the right.

But in case these too fail to give the desired information, and as a final recourse, what is more natural than to submit to the authority of Alexander the Great?

To those persons who consider deafness a misfortune and even a calamity the following from Schopenhauer is recommended: "If nature had meant man to think, she would not have given him ears: or, at any rate, she would have furnished them with air-tight flaps, such as are the enviable possession of the bat. But, in truth, man is a poor animal like the rest, and his powers are meant only to maintain him in the struggle for existence; so he must needs keep his ears always open, to announce of themselves, by night as by day, the approach of the pursuer."

If we deaf make it a point to spend our energies in many directions, we will accomplish little or nothing. Let us concentrate on one big thing at a time. Don't let things run this way:—a museum-library and a memorial building and a national magazine and an anti-booze society and a John Barleycorn Alliance and the dickens knows what else. For the present the N. A. D. is the big thing.

The New Jersey membership of the N. A. D. has passed the twentieth mark. Of the twenty-one members Trenton alone has seven. And yet Trenton is not the center of population. What ails you, Newark?

Anent the national magazine boom I would suggest that it be made in connection with the N. A. D. Let us first make the N. A. D. so strong financially that a headquarters building will result—and a better, bigger and more regular "Nad."

According to the "higher-ups" only the latest topics should be discussed in this magazine. Apparently they wish to know more about—Bolshevism.

EDMOND PILET

(From La Gazette des Sourds-Muets.)

It is a sad shock to the deaf of the principal towns of France to learn of the death of Mr. Edmond Pilet, President-Secretary of the Fraternal Association of the Deaf in Normandy, Secretary General of the National Union of French Societies for the Mutual Help of the Deaf. He died in his prime, at 54 years of age, having been ill but three or four days of influenza developing into pneumonia, but especially pulled down by his great grief at having lost his only and greatly beloved son, who was killed in battle in a most frightful aeroplane accident.

Edmond Pilet was a deaf-mute by birth, and it is to his great credit that he learned the French language and its usage as well as those deaf only from youth. Praise is greatly due to two deaf teachers whom his parents happily thought to consign him to in his early days: Joachim Ligot and Mlle. Pauline Larrony. Admitted later to the National Institution at Paris, Pilet became one of the most brilliant pupils in the class of M. Allard, then of Cours Itard under the direction of Andre Valade-Gabel.

After leaving school, he studied sculpture and was one of the free pupils at the Beaux Arts and l'Academie Julian. However he did not continue there very long, but returned to Rouen to help his parents with their wine industry.

His father and his mother particularly surrounded him with all the evidences of a rare affection, as did the rest of the members of the family, and the gracious hearing woman who was to become his wife. It was especially remarkable

that all the household learned and practiced the sign language. I ascertained this fact during a sojourn I made at his home in 1894.

Having made the acquaintance of Mr. Louis Capon, the president and founder of the Normandy Association, who quickly noted his intelligence and aptitude, he became his collaborator and later his successor. Under his presidency the Association followed his ever ascending lead.

Thoughtful and methodical in his habits, adverse to all exaggerations, partisan of the union of all the deaf in concord and mutuality, a fervent mutualist, Edmond Pilet devoted himself to the furtherance and prosperity of the National Union for Deaf Societies. His death is a very serious loss to the National Union.

I greatly fear that if will cause untold perturbation in the Normandy Association. Who will replace him, when they had never been able to find such a secretary?

Edmond Pilet was my traveling companion on my second trip to America. I cherish the memory of him as a deaf-mute possessing perfect distinction of spirit and manners, astonishing the Americans by his rather cold and melancholy, almost dejected air, and suddenly revealing himself with gentle but distinct gesticulations, expressing wise, reasonable and sometimes profound ideas, winning unanimous applause. As one American woman remarked, he contrasted greatly with the exuberance of the other three comrades in the quartet. Edmond Pilet re-

He was well versed in the English language. In fact, through a maternal ancestor, some English blood flowed in his veins.—H. G. in the DEAF-MUTE'S JOURNAL.

"HOW DID YOU DIE?"

By A. V. Elmer

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful,
Or did you turn your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful.

Oh, a trouble a ton, a trouble an ounce,
A trouble is what you make it,
It is not the fact you are hurt that counts,
It is only how did you take it.

You may be thrown to the earth, well, well,
what's that;
Come up with a smiling face,
It is nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lay there, that's the disgrace.

The harder you're thrown the higher you will
bounce,
Be proud of your blackened eye,
It is not the fact you are licked that counts,
It is how did you fight and why.

You may be done to the death, what then,
If you done the best you could,
If you battled well in the world with men,
The critic will count it good.

Death may come with a crawl, it may come with
a pounce,
But whether it comes slow or spry,
It is not the fact you are dead that counts,
It is only how did you die.

—Exchange.

The Chronicle Telegraph tells of a deaf mute named Nicholas Defterous, aged 25 years, who came from Greece a few months ago and who is trying hard to get into the army. He can neither read or write, and he knows nothing of the sign language, and he communicates with his brother by means of crude drawings and gestures. Two ships on which he rode were torpedoed, and he is very much in earnest in his desire to fight the Germans.—*Western Pennsylvanian*.

Experiences of a Deaf Y. M. C. A. War-Worker

By EDWARD E. RAGNA

Part V

(Continued from last month)

BEFORE the first bout began, that in which was Mr. Morris, Professor Protheroe told the crowd what Mr. Morris had done for the boys, and that he was deaf, hence the only way he could "hear" the applause was through his eyes—by waving the programs. The officers sat on the stage in front of which was the ring.

The bout lasted three rounds between Morris and a big good natured Irish sergeant, and it was lively. At the end of each round there was a general waving of programs as applause for Morris who was the favorite with the crowd, and at the end of the third and last round the applause took the form of a white sea of waving programs from the officers and men—an extraordinary sight.

In another bout—in a boxing tournament about New Year's Day, the last bout was between a light slippery fellow of Italian descent who was over-cautious, and a big slow heavy blonde of Polish descent. The Italian continually danced away and the big heavy Pole followed. Becoming bolder, the Pole began to "open up."

In the second round the Pole punched holes in the air with whirlwind pile drivers missing his object by yards and causing the soldiers to roar with laughter. This served to make him wilder.

At the beginning of the third and last round the referee spoke a few words to the bandsmen. Then the round began with the Italian dancing away as usual. The Pole followed and winding up shot a pile-driving haymaker in his direction missing by yards. Simultaneously a deep "boom" came from the bass drum of the band. He swung again, and again the drum boomed. The Pole was dazed and paused, and then encouraged; for he must have thought that the boom was caused by the force of his fist on the air. He got to work and with wild swings lashed the air in every direction, each swing being echoed by the big drum until it sounded like a continuous bombardment. I never enjoyed a laugh more thoroughly.

Life in camp was never dull for a minute, which cannot always be said of life at home. I was very busy getting and distributing the mail, and keeping the headquarter's fires burning in two junk stoves, for everything bought in an emergency could not be of the best. The Knights of Columbus Hall had a different type of furnace and had the best fire in camp. It was the next building from the headquarters and I often went there on cold nights.

The K. of C. had only one building, but I must concede that it was better lighted, better heated, and more home-like than any other hut. This was largely due to catholic women from Montgomery who came out often and decorated it and set up things nicely. It was the only place where we could get sewing and mending done free. The K. of C. and "Y" were as one in their work. Mass was said in the "Y" huts on Sunday along with other services for those of other religious denominations, and at all big entertainments the two organizations co-operated jointly.

In keeping things straight, my work was long and varied, and I could have sung with a large degree of veracity the ballad beginning:

"Oh, I'm the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig;
And the bosons' tite and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Certainly the Y. M. C. A. as an organization was not exceeded by any other in camp for hard work. I, however, found time for recreation, and went to Montgomery often.

The stores there were modern and kept up to

date. One of the strange peculiarities of the South, and of Montgomery in particular, was the more general use of the big silver dollar. It may seem that the South, not having forgotten how their confederate bills at the end of the civil war turned to be nothing but "scraps of paper," preferred to see more silver and less paper in circulation.

At any rate, we got quite a lot of silver dollars in our change like so many disks of iron, and a man carrying ten or twelve of these in his trouser pocket seemed to limp like a drummer with his drum strapped to his leg in a parade. Being of a more trustful nature, Uncle Sam's greenbacks are good enough for me.

Most of the soldiers took full advantage of the \$10,000 life insurance policy the government offered. Considering the number of soldiers, Camp Sheridan took out a higher percentage of insurance than most of the other camps.

A humorous incident came out of this insurance matter. A sergeant advertised in newspapers for a wife to whom he could "leave a \$10,000 policy and \$500 worth of liberty bonds." The result was startling. He was flooded with mail answering the advertisement, and while each of the writers was waiting with a wildly beating heart and quickened breath for that little word which would make them war-brides and heiresses, the sergeant and his tent mates together with others were hawhawing loudly as they passed the letters around.

Another letter from a soldier in camp, found its way into an Ohio newspaper, saying the writer was lonely and friendless. Very soon this soldier got a heavy mail, receiving three checks, fifteen boxes and a score or more of cheering letters. This came to the attention of the General Headquarters, and knowing there were no such animals as "lonely, friendless" soldiers in camp, an investigation was made which brought out that the soldier in question could not write a word of English himself, but had others write for him. He was found in his quarters in great spirits passing the contents of some of the fifteen boxes around, while they read the letters to him.

Inasmuch as whatever he got was freely given by the senders, the officers could do nothing, but such incidents were always discouraged, as was the writing of letters between unknown persons. Negro troops were found corresponding with white girls who were not aware of their color, and many pictures of white girls were in their possession—the result of throwing discretion to the winds.

Permission was always required before soldiers were allowed to go to Montgomery, and they had to be back by 10 P.M. The military police boarded every car to inspect the passes.

On New Year's Eve, the returning time was extended to 1 A.M. and most of the camp emptied itself into the city. The streets were packed. The southern custom of setting off cannon-crackers and fire-works was new to the Ohio men, and was hugely enjoyed. The crowning feature was the marriage of a couple at midnight in the streets for a \$50 gift and the best wishes of 50,000 people. On that evening I was a guest at a little supper given by Dr. Grant, the religious secretary.

During the cold wave of January, 1918, historic for its severity up north, we were at its southern fringe, and felt it. It cured any soldier who was homesick of his ailment for a time, for it happened that several soldiers were allowed to go home on furlough for good reasons. Naturally they expected to have good times at home with their admiring friends, and on the white ways of the cities. Instead, they ran into terribly cold weather, and

as they said later, got their recreation by shivering around a stove; shoveling snow, or carrying bags of coal from the coal yards to their homes. This was not exactly how they had expected to absorb the admiration of their friends. Their ardor cooled, and they were not sorry to go south again. As soon as they got back, they spread word through the camp, "Don't go North!" which grew in volume as more soldiers returning from the North echoed their words.

The "folks up North" had exaggerated ideas about the mildness of the southern winters. Some thought that we were basking in the shade of the palm trees when the wind was whistling through our coats. I saw no palm trees in Alabama, except four small ones on the lawn of the state capitol, from whose portico Jefferson Davis was inaugurated president of the Confederate States in 1861.

Such thoughts of blissful ignorance about the southern winters were quite expensive to their possessors, as was evinced by the lot of butter, roast chickens, preserves and other stuff inferior in quality to that given out by Uncle Sam's commissariat, which was sent down to the soldiers as well as mufflers, stomach bands (think of it!) ear protectors, and fifty different kinds and colors of quack medicine for curing everything from whooping cough to colic.

Albert W. Atwood, the well known financial expert, says in his book on *Finance*, "it is remarkable how many weak-minded persons there are!" I recall seeing a highly educated "Y" secretary who had caught a cold, borrow a bottle of red liquid "for colds," and dope himself with the quack stuff. I was so surprised I stared at him like a cow which had swallowed a dynamite cap waiting for it to explode. "All the world's a stage," indeed!

The Y. M. C. A. headquarters where I stayed was something of an information bureau, though not so much so as were the "Y" huts, and soldiers and officers came in for information. There were five secretaries in different capacities there who answered the questions, but sometimes I was alone in the headquarters, and had to answer them myself—the unique experience of running an information bureau.

I did not care to advertise my deafness, and handled the majority of the callers without their discovering it, by directing them to the particular secretary needed, or place, or answered some simple questions. I knew the nature of the questions likely to be asked.

I remember one afternoon during the Christmas season when everybody was busy somewhere, and I was left alone in full charge; I had a toothache and was sitting near a stove when the door opened and in trooped a bevy of girls who might have come from Vassar or Wellesley—but why Wellesley? let us rather say—some school for the deaf.

I manoeuvred to find out what they wanted before they discovered I could not hear. They came to call on Professor Hutchins. He was out, so leaving their cards they departed, and I pursued the even tenor of my way.

The "Y" secretaries, especially the younger ones within the draft age, were constantly coming and going. Many left for their homes in order to spend two or three weeks with their parents before they were called out. Y. M. C. A. service never exempted a man from the army. There were many of draft age who, because of poor eyes or teeth or some minor defect, were exempted, but were competent and eligible to go in for "Y" work. They were the most genial and big hearted fellows I ever met, but somehow they were all homely. I have for years studied faces and characters, and this fact about the young "Y" men in

the camps being homely was so consistently true as to be laughable. Often, while I was helping to arrange the chairs for the weekly conferences, the Y. M. C. A. men from the huts would begin to pour into the headquarters' building—one homely gink after another—until it looked as if some one had let a zoo loose on us. But all the same, they had hearts as big as cantaloupes, and being homely myself it reminds me:

"There was a crooked man
Who had a crooked spouse,
He had a crooked cat
Which caught a crooked mouse;
And they all lived together in a little crooked house."

On Sundays, the soldiers would play games or watch them, and listen to the bands which played at the games. The officers often played pony polo on their fine horses. Other soldiers walked with the southern belles in the mild sunny afternoons that make up the southern winter.

Rickett Springs, the amusement resort of Montgomery, which was a part of the camp, was a favorite place for lovers with its groves and fountains. The dance pavilion and other buildings had been divided up into the offices of the General Headquarters, but there was a band-stand where the band gave concerts at twilight, "in the gloaming."

On Sunday, February 3rd, ex-President Taft came down to Camp Sheridan—the only National Guard Camp he visited during his tour of the camps. He visited Camp Sheridan because he could not go to the one for "selects" at Wrightstown, N. J., where there was an epidemic. He chose ours of all the National Guard camps because the National Guard from Ohio was here and he is from that state.

Taft drew the biggest crowd of any that packed the Buckeye Coliseum, unless it was the one at Christmas time when every one had to attend to get their Christmas presents. There were at least 12,000 officers and soldiers in that building. Attendance was not compulsory and most of the turtle doves preferred to stay away.

The ex-president was greeted with cheers when he appeared. There was a massed band of three hundred pieces from the combined regimental bands. The evening opened with the playing of a long medley by the band. The band got rounds of applause when it finished.

Then the "sing leader," Professor Protheroe, mounted the box, and accompanied by the band the 12,000 soldiers arose and started in on "America," that majestic tune which is fitted to the anthem, "God save the King" of England.

Having become deaf at the age of eight, I had time enough to learn the music of this song and I easily followed it on this extraordinary occasion when 12,000 deep masculine voices of the cream of America's manhood and her greatest pride reverberated the air as strongly as I have ever felt it, especially seeing that we were in a huge wooden building.

One can imagine how the music rose in heavy volume to the vaulted roof of the Coliseum, and rolled among its arches with a pleasing yet solemn sound of the rush of mighty waters.

In such a place we deaf would have thought of Milton's lines—

"Ring out ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears.

If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime,
Move in melodious time:

And let the bass of heaven's deep organ
blow;

Taft delivered an oration on **Discipline and Patriotism**. Having been president, he was cheered when he said Ambassador Bernstorff was "a spy and a sneak," for he was in position to know. Then came the singing of the "Star-Span-gled Banner." The expression on the faces of the soldiers as they sang reminded me of that song: "Faith of our Fathers, be with us yet;

We will be faithful unto death."

The Christmas rush being over, and now about to go to Jacksonville, Florida, my work at Camp Sheridan terminated on February 5 with a banquet, if we use a superlative term, otherwise it may be called a luncheon, given by Professor Protheroe to Secretary Morris Isaacs, the deaf "Y" worker, who had done so much for the athletic department.

Mr. Isaacs, fifty years old and totally deaf, could talk and read the lips readily. He often would ask me to stand on one side of the room while he stood on the other, and he would then demonstrate to others how it was possible for two deaf people to talk to each other by means of lip-reading without others knowing what we said, even though they stood in the space between us.

He was an out and out oralist, and scorned the use of signs or spelling, yet in spite of this, when he talked he gestured like a graduate of any oral school. I could easily have picked him out of any crowd by his gesturing. The aim and hope of every oral student is to pass himself off as a hearing person, a trick which fails nine times out of ten, and as for Mr. Morris, he had a collection of gestures that would have made an Italian mass-meeting green with envy.

Like nearly all deaf people, he had a rich sense of humor, and at this dinner he came out at his best. He sat at the head of the beautifully decorated table, and talked all through the evening telling funny stories and of his experiences. He had the whole party rocking fore and aft in their chairs like destroyers in a storm.

"C'est la Guerra," therefore we went lightly on the menu, having sandwiches, chocolate, salted almonds, nuts, olives, apples (and such apples!) and other fruit. The menu was ample, delicious and pleasing. All such dinners which I attended were of the kind to please Hoover. Altogether I had a royal time.

And so closed my career at Camp Sheridan, the next day I was off.

Aluha Oe
(Hawaiian "Farewell to thee.")

Answers to questions by civilian military "experts" and "strategists" who know many fine "p'int" about war. Questions from eminent students of military Technique:

1. Are the girls down south pretty?

Ans. Yes, as pretty as any.

2. (a) Do you like the northern or southern girls best? (b) Why?

Ans. (a) I like the northern girls best.

(b) Because there aren't enough southern girls to go around for 25,000 men.

Questions from "experts" and strategists:

1. What are the tests to discover poison in army food?

Ans. Eat it, if you die, there's poison, if you don't die; it's O.K.

2. Why doesn't General Pershing holler "Hey!" and when the huns stick up their heads to see who called,—shoot them all down, and march to Berlin unopposed?

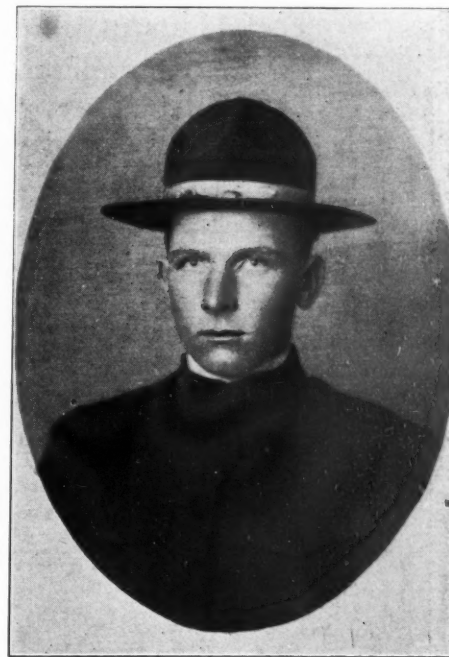
Ans. The huns would only think it was dinner-time for the cavalry horses.

(The End)

A bill will be introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature to give school teachers an increase in salary of 25 per cent. A great deal of interest is taken in the bill and it will probably become a law. It is generally recognized that increased pay for instructors has by no means kept pace with advancing cost of living, and many are leaving the profession because they can earn so much more money in other ways. As the bill is drafted it will apply to institutions of the state as well as public school teachers.—*The Missouri Record*.

Some are so very studious of learning what was done by the ancients that they know not how to live with the moderns.—William Penn.

Sons of Deaf Parents in The War Service



CORPORAL E. RYAN, JR.,
Detroit, Mich.

Corporal Fred E. Ryan Jr., now with the famous 32nd Division overseas is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Ryan of Detroit. From a letter written to his parents the following paragraph is copied:

"Dad, the pesky Boches got me this time, at last I got hit in the leg just below the knee. Tell mother not to worry as I am all right now and will be home soon."

Many classes are always praising the by-gone time, for it is natural that the old should extol the days of their youth; the weak, the area of their strength; the sick, the season of their vigor; and the disappointed, the springtide of their hopes!—C. Bingham.

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All progressive deaf people of the State are urged to climb into THE NEW JERSEY BAND WAGON and help BOOST the National Association of the Deaf.

An initiation fee of \$1.00 will entitle you to membership. See advertisement.

The names of new members will be added to the Bulletins that follow.

GEORGE S. PORTER,
State Organizer.

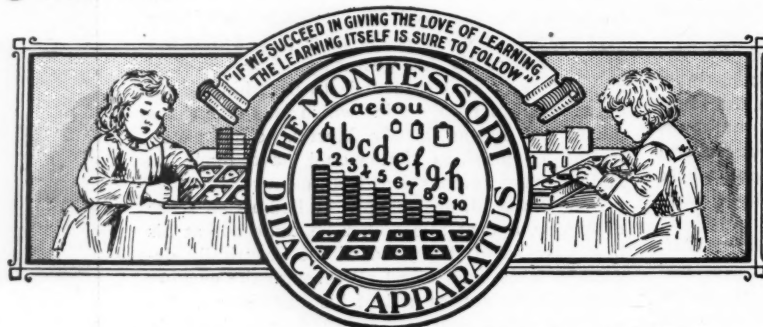
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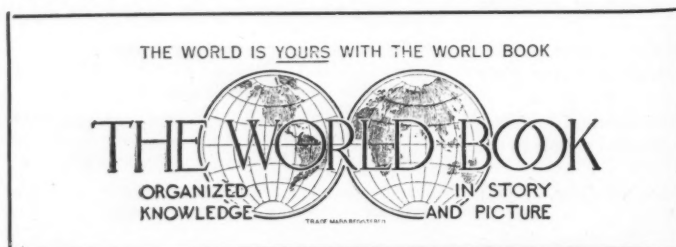
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OF ALL THE DEAF

Objects

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the imposter evil,—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund,—the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De L'Epee,—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

Membership

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the United States;

Associate Members: Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

Fees and Dues

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50c. Life membership, \$25 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.

Official Organ: THE NAD

Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.

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